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## THE FEDERAL DEFEAT.

SOME time must yet elapse before clear and satisfactory accounts arrive of the series of engagements which took place between the Confederates and the Federals before Richmond. At present it must be admitted that the American journals have been chiefly engaged in the practically useless task of explaining away the serious defeat which General M'Clellan has sustained. It is abundantly clear that that officer allowed himself to be overwhelmed by the Confederates, and that instead of his retreat being part of a preconceived plan, it was reluctantly forced upon him. Even the Northern accounts admit that a vast quantity of stores was lost or destroyed, and that the Federal army lost some of their siege guns. Now, it is obvious that no man in his senses would advance such guns beyond the place which he had determined upon as a field of battle. And even if he had suddenly become alarmed as to his position, it is clear that he began his retrograde movement too late, and was struck by the enemy at the very moment which would prove most disastrous to his army.

Moreover, the position which General M'Clellan is now said to have assumed furnishes another proof that he has been outnumbered and out-generalled. Instead of retiring eastward by the Williamsburg road towards Yorktown and Fortress Monroe, he retired about seventeen miles to the south of Richmond; so that his left rests upon the James River, his right on the Chickahominy, and his rear upon the James River. In this position it is true that his left is protected by his gun-boats, but his only retreat, in case of another defeat, would be on board his transports. The space into which General M'Clellan is said to have withdrawn his army is so narrow that it can scarcely deploy. In order to extricate himself, he must either issue from it and fight a great action, or he must transport his army, in presence of the Confederate army, to the south bank of the James River, and attack Richmond from the south. At present, of course, it is utterly impossible to do either. For his troops are too few, and they have suffered a defeat. But in either case he might fail, and then it must be inferred that he is in imminent danger of being utterly annihilated. If, therefore, General M'Clellan has retired to Turkey Bend, or to any point west of the Chickahominy, the probability is that he found it impossible to retreat towards Yorktown, where both his flanks, the one on the James, the other on the York River, might have been protected by his gun-boats. On the other hand, if the news brought by the *Glasgow* is correct, General M'Clellan has again been attacked, and his army is completely routed. But as the telegram is dated July 5th, the statement is possibly exaggerated.

The causes which have led to the disaster which has now overwhelmed the Federal army are not difficult to explain. It is clear, even from the Northern accounts, that the Federalists were greatly outnumbered; and, indeed, this fact is used by them to vindicate the conduct of the troops in the field. Superior as the Northerners are in arms and equipment to their adversaries, it is impossible for one army to resist another when the numbers are as one to three. But whence did this superiority arise? It arose from the original vice of the Federal plan of operations. The country which the Federalists have undertaken to attack has a diameter of 700 miles, and a circumference of upwards of 2,000, extending from the Chesapeake round the Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of Mexico, thence

along the Mississippi up to Memphis, and thence eastward again to Richmond. Now the Federals determined to draw a net round the whole of this vast circumference. It is obvious, however, that a net of this enormous extent must be weak at some point, and in this lay the strength of the Confederates. The Confederates were acting in the centre of this enormous circle. By means of railways they were enabled to transport their troops with remarkable rapidity; and even when they were unable to resist the Federal attack in any quarter, they were able to abandon the untenable position, and to transfer their army where they would outnumber the Federalists. So it was with the army of Beauregard on the Mississippi. Whilst Halleck, with some 100,000 men, was wondering to what point Beauregard had retreated, that officer had time to transport his whole army by railway to the neighbourhood of Richmond. And it is probable that the overpowering attack which was made upon M'Clellan was made by the army which had lately been fighting in the West. It may, perhaps, be that General M'Clellan and his staff were aware of this danger, and it is certain that that officer has never ceased to proclaim his own weakness. He has constantly demanded reinforcements. It may be that the Minister at Washington was to blame for persevering in a vicious plan of campaign. But this does not exonerate M'Clellan. If he seriously believed that he was too weak to attack Richmond it was his duty to avoid approaching so near to that capital that he found it impossible to retire in time to avoid a serious defeat. If his convictions as to the danger of an advance were real, he ought to have resigned rather than undertake an operation of which he disapproved. He should have said, "My plan of operation is fixed, and if you, the President and the Cabinet, will not allow me to carry that plan into effect I shall resign my command and denounce you when you fail." The position of an officer who should adopt such a course would be as high-minded as it is patriotic. This plan of a series of operations in preference to one grand attack is the superstition of feeble generals and most civilian war ministers. It was the superstition against which Wellington in the Peninsula had so vigorously to protest. It was the superstition which enabled Napoleon to gain so many victories. It is the superstition which has caused the defeat of the greatest army of the Federalists.

It has been obvious from the beginning that to defeat the great Confederate army, and to take Richmond, was the first and grand object of the war. Until this was accomplished everything else ought to have been postponed. To do this, everything else ought to have been sacrificed. Nor was the task impossible. If, instead of sending a host of expeditions south, east, and west, 50,000 or 60,000 men had been left in the entrenchments around Washington, and if the whole resources of the North had been employed for one object, Richmond might now have been in the hands of the North. With the aid of all the fleet and an army of 200,000 men, Norfolk might have been taken, and then this great army advancing along both sides of the James River might have attacked Richmond both from the north and from the south, and might have taken it. Richmond once taken, this army, by simply advancing, might have possessed itself of the whole eastern coast, so that by this time both Charleston and Savannah, which still hold out, would have fallen. In like manner the advance of the Federal army, aided by the gun-boats, would have achieved greater success than that which, even under present circumstances, it has achieved; for the success would



have been permanent. At present it may be doubted whether much of the country which is now occupied must not be abandoned. The army of McClellan must be reorganized and reinforced at all hazards. It is absurd to suppose that any part of the 300,000 men will be fit to take the field, or at all events to take part in the arduous operations reserved for the army of McClellan in less than six months. It seems clear, therefore, that the reinforcements which are so urgently needed must be obtained from the armies of Halleck, Burnside, and Hunter. No doubt, the great army of the Confederates may have suffered so severely that it will find it difficult at once to follow up its victory. The army of McClellan may therefore be able to maintain its position. But this is a poor result. The object of the North ought to be, as no doubt it is, to end the war as speedily as possible. To do this, the army of McClellan, which has just been defeated, must resume the offensive, and therefore the course to which allusion has been made seems to be inevitable. The raw recruits which are about to join the armies of the North may probably be able to hold the ground which has already been won. If they are unable to do so the States of Tennessee and Kentucky may have to be evacuated, and much of the success which has been achieved will have to be abandoned. It can scarcely be expected that at the present crisis the North should be ready to acknowledge themselves defeated because they have suffered a single defeat. The probability is, that, conscious of their superior resources, they will continue the struggle, and those members of the House of Commons who persist in attempting to interfere with the combatants at the present moment will only aggravate those feelings of irritation which are already so fiercely excited on both sides of the Atlantic. Peace at the present moment is impossible, because neither side has yet suffered enough. No man living can suggest terms which would be acceptable to either party, and therefore any attempt at mediation is out of the question.

#### SIR CHARLES WOOD'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

THOUGH India has an annual revenue larger than that of any European state except France, the discussion of the Indian Budget is seldom, in itself, sufficient to crowd the benches of the House of Commons. This arises, no doubt, partly from a want of interest in Indian affairs, but mainly from a want of power of exposition on the part of the present Secretary of State. The details of Indian finance were, however, enlivened on Thursday night by a personal contest, and even Sir Charles Wood rose above the monotonous level of his ordinary discourse in attacking Mr. Laing. The dispute between the Indian Government and Sir Charles Wood arose in this way. On the receipt of Mr. Laing's budget in this country Sir Charles Wood wrote a despatch to the Indian Government commenting in the severest terms on their financial policy. This despatch was immediately after made public here, and was the first thing that greeted Mr. Laing on his arrival in this country. It will be remembered that the chief feature of Mr. Laing's statement was, that he had commenced the previous year with a deficit estimated at £6,000,000, and closed it with substantial equilibrium; that this had been effected by the reduction of expenditure and the improvement of the existing revenue, but without imposing a single additional tax. Mr. Laing further stated that he expected to close the current year with a surplus sufficient to allow of the reduction of the import duties on cotton goods and the abolition of the income tax on incomes below £50. The license tax, it will be remembered, had been repealed in the previous year. The reduction of the Indian expenditure to the extent requisite for effecting these splendid results was in itself a Herculean task, and the highest credit was due to the men who had achieved it. The Indian Government might justly point to the results of the policy of the last two years of Lord Canning's administration, and fearlessly challenge comparison with the government of any country in the world. How was this intelligence received by the Secretary of State? Sir Charles Wood looks at these results with the eye of an accountant and not of a statesman. He sees nothing in them to praise, but he discovers a couple of items which he considers mistakes or omissions, and on this he founds a despatch which is an absolute censure and disavowal of the greater part of Lord Canning's financial policy. Will it be believed that the reply to the men who had brought India safely through a crisis of unparalleled severity, was an angry despatch filled with exhortations to further economy, without a single word of noble or generous praise in acknowledgment of what had been already achieved? Such is the Minister—without the power of sympathy, and wanting even in that sense of justice which sometimes makes amends for coldness of heart—to whom England has entrusted the destinies of 180 millions of the people of India.

Mr. Laing, since his return to this country, has replied to the despatch of Sir Charles Wood, and refers, *seriatim*, to the two items of account which formed the ground of dispute. The first item is the so-called "Loss by Railway Exchange." This is an old subject of dispute. When Mr. Laing was charged with omitting it on a former

occasion, he admitted that he had done so designedly, on the ground that it ought not to be charged to the account of revenue. In his present reply he has abandoned this position, and he now defends himself on the ground that the charge is not a real one, requiring money to meet it, and is only a matter of account. This is altogether an indefensible position, as will at once be apparent from the contract between the Government and the railway companies. When the companies pay into the Bank of England, for the Secretary of State, a sum say of £5,500,000, they thereby entitle themselves, according to the contract, to draw out 60,000,000 rupees from the Indian treasury for the construction of railways. The sum paid by them is not transmitted to India, but is employed to defray the home charges. But if there were no railways in progress it would be necessary to transmit money from India for the purpose of meeting those charges. At the present rate of exchange, 55,000,000 rupees would be sufficient to discharge £5,500,000 in England. The remaining 5,000,000 rupees is a pure gift to the railway companies, and an additional burden of £500,000 is thus cast on Indian revenues. This is the charge which Mr. Laing calls a nominal one. The *Economist*, too, following the same idea, treats the whole question as a metaphysical one. But hard cash cannot be charmed out of the pockets of the people of India even by such high authorities as these without its burden being felt. The Indian tax-payers fully understand that, owing to the blunders of the Home Government, they are required, after meeting all their own expenditure, to raise a sum of half a million annually, and make a present of it to the railway companies, to be expended on their works, and solely for their advantage. India is taxed to this amount for the sole benefit of certain English capitalists who have made an unconscionable bargain with the Secretary of State. It is idle to talk of any part of this ever being repaid. It is now almost certain that the Indian railways are never likely to pay even the amount of the guaranteed interest, much less repay the sums advanced by the Government. The real question was whether this sum, for which India gets absolutely no return, should be paid out of revenue or raised in the same way as the rest of the capital employed in the construction of railways. Sir Charles Wood skilfully avoided this question on Thursday night, and confined himself to showing that the charge was a real one, and not as Mr. Laing contends merely nominal, and on this point he had of course an easy victory.

The next item relates to the credit taken by Mr. Laing for a sum of about £500,000, which is receivable this year from the Imperial Government in repayment of advances made in India on account of the China expedition. Sir Charles Wood had the temerity in arguing this question to refer to his own experience as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Prudence would have counselled silence on that head. That is a part of his career to which the present Secretary of State for India should never voluntarily call attention when he is dealing with a question of figures. The idea is inevitably suggested that a Minister who was so unlucky in framing budgets cannot be very successful in criticising them. It does not, however, require the experience of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to decide on the present question. Those advances were paid in hard cash out of the Indian treasury; and when they are repaid in the course of the year they will, in the first place, fall back into the cash balances available for India. It is obvious that it would be wrong to repeal taxes on the faith of an extraordinary receipt of this nature which will not recur; but it is equally clear that if the cash balances are already beyond their normal amount, and far above what is really required for the public service, then it is perfectly legitimate to employ a windfall of this nature to meet any exceptional source of expenditure. The whole theory of repayments and advances lies in a narrow compass. A State, like a private banker, keeps in its treasury a certain balance, which need never exceed a certain sum. Anything above the amount which experience shows to be requisite remains idle and unprofitable. If, therefore, a certain advance reduces the balance below what is considered prudent, the repayment ought to fall back into the balances from which it was taken; but if in the mean time these balances have risen above their ordinary amount, it would be perfectly idle for a State to allow them to be still further swelled by the addition of extraordinary receipts of this nature. In every such case it is perfectly legitimate to employ such sums in meeting extraordinary expenditure. It now appears from Sir Charles Wood's statement, that the balances are not so flourishing as they appeared, and it will probably be prudent not to consider these repayments as available for expenditure.

Sir Charles Wood has now, after the death of Lord Canning, tardily acknowledged the brilliant results of the last years of his administration, and has given his policy that approval which he so grudgingly withheld while it might have been of some service. But this will not save Sir Charles Wood from the censure to which he is justly liable for the part that he has played during the crisis through which India has now so successfully passed. It would be hard to conceive of a Minister being more completely condemned than Sir Charles Wood is by the series of despatches which he has addressed to the Indian Government during the last two years. An attentive



perusal of these documents will go far to justify the opinion lately expressed by the leading paper in Calcutta: "That after the mutiny of 1857 Sir Charles Wood is the greatest evil with which our Eastern empire has been afflicted." Instead of assisting the Indian Government to make reductions, he appears to have obstructed them. The strength of the European army in India was fixed in the autumn of 1860, and notwithstanding that, the army continued for the whole of the following year to be on the average four thousand men above the established strength. These were, of course, maintained at the expense of the Indian treasury, to the relief of the Home treasury. Sir Charles Wood replies that as recruits are sent out only once a year, the numbers of the army must be above the established strength on their arrival, in order that an average may be kept up through the year. That is true; but the average should be the number actually fixed on, and not 4,000 above it. Sir Charles Wood was perpetually exhorting the Indian Government to make reductions in India, but declined altogether to make any at home. Since Mr. Laing went to India the expenditure in that country has been reduced by £6,000,000. In the same interval that portion of the Indian expenditure which takes place in England, and which is entirely under the control of Sir Charles Wood, has been reduced by a mere trifle. To all observations on this point by the Indian Government, Sir Charles Wood turned a deaf ear, and his replies were as wide of the mark as those of Falstaff to the censures of the Chief Justice. When Sir Charles Wood's own duties and shortcomings are the topic, that Minister follows the prudent example of the fat knight,—"It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that he is troubled withal." The entire absence of sympathy that characterises Sir Charles Wood makes him a peculiarly unfit Minister for India. He has never properly conceived the danger there would have been in persisting with the license-tax and the petty income-tax. He cannot appreciate the feelings of irritation and discontent that would have been produced by the inquisitorial visits of the army of tax-gatherers which would have been needed for the assessment of five or six millions of families, and all to raise a paltry sum of £600,000. In England we are accustomed to be governed by incompetent Whig statesmen. This is the destiny of the nation, and almost part of the constitution, and we submit to Sir Charles Wood without a murmur, as we should to any other mysterious dispensation of Providence, which we regard as inevitable. But the people of India have not the same feeling of pious resignation, and Sir Charles Wood would probably do less injury to the State in any other office than that which he now holds.

#### THE POLITICS OF FASHION.

ITALY is at last restored to a bowing acquaintance with the most despotic government in Europe. Russian diplomatists henceforward may acknowledge without a blush, that they have heard of the annexations of the Romagna, of Naples, and of Sicily. How much does Victor Emmanuel gain by finding his existence thus recognized at courts, which have hitherto saluted each successive step he has taken on the European ladder with a stony stare? There is no doubt a bright side to the picture. It is agreeable enough for the sovereign of the Peninsula to be able to gaze in undisturbed complacency on a new ambassador, a new autograph letter, and perhaps a new snuff-box bedecked with a smiling portrait of a Czar. The humble *parvenu* of social life who, after years of uphill pilgrimage, at last attains to the honour of frequently touching the protruded forefinger of a duke, no doubt enjoys, when he first tastes it, this cold and dreary privilege. He does not consider that each fictitious advance that he fancies he makes in the social scale, so far from freeing him from social trammels, renders him more completely their bondsman and their slave. He was a happier and a freer man in the simple days, when he had not yet been raised to the dignity of breathing, eating, and drinking in the vicinity of a golden eyeglass. If Russia was a country with a free press, where public opinion was in favour of liberal politics abroad, and whose moral might was flung heavily into the liberal scale, it would be a matter of rejoicing that at last she had spoken out and lent her influence to the cause of freedom in Italy. This is not so. Italy cannot at present hope for real sympathy from the North. The utmost she can expect is a chilly diplomatic recognition. The step that has been resolved upon by the Emperor Alexander is not, indeed, without political significance. But it is a mark of common interest with France rather than of common sympathies with Italy. The introduction the Italians have obtained to the highest diplomatic circles is due to the patronage and to the friendship of the Court of the Tuileries. His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French has asked leave of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias to be allowed to bring a friend. Leave has been granted. Arm-in-arm with his sardonic patron Victor Emmanuel arrives, smelling strongly of tobacco, and feverishly desirous of behaving himself fashionably in his new sphere. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg find it convenient to be on good terms with the great Imperial adventurer, and swallowing their pride, they profess themselves happy to receive his fat and estimable friend.

The intelligence from the Peninsula is not so satisfactory that the friends of Italy can afford to give themselves up to unalloyed triumph at this remarkable honour. The Cabinet of Rattazzi cannot hope in the long run to serve two masters. They cannot be hand and glove with the old European despotisms, and at the same time retain their hold on the confidence of Italy. They came into office by the backstairs, and under the shelter of an influence in the royal closet, before which all things must bow. At present they appear to be satisfied with pursuing their fashionable way through the imperial drawing-rooms of Europe. They feel that it is indeed "good for them" to be here. They are for taking up their permanent abode in an atmosphere so charming and so exhilarating. Political scandal and gossip may be left to those who are fond of dabbling in them: to the coteries of Vienna, and to those who share the opinions and the sagacity of Lord Normanby. We do not believe that the Rattazzi Ministry are willing deliberately to sacrifice the interests or the dignity of their country for the sake of the smiles of fashionable diplomacy. In the first place—they dare not. In the second place—they would not. But nothing can be clearer than that they do not stand to the nation as Cavour stood to it, or as even men of less respectability and honesty stand to it. The sound of far-off civil dissensions seems to us to be swelling on the gale. The Ministry are beginning to care for the diplomatic alliances of the old courts of Europe. Cavour, during the last ten years that preceded the Italian war, had a grand scheme of cultivating the good will of Liberal Europe. It is a petty scheme, and worthy of pettier minds, to substitute for this the good will and favour of reactionary empires and monarchies. The Italian question is indeed entering a new phase. The Government is becoming diplomatically fashionable. With the Parliamentary Liberal party it is said to be gaining ground. This means to say, in plain language, that it is drawing the Parliamentary Liberals in its train. On the other hand, it is not growing into the hearts of the bulk of the nation. The truth is that it requires a great policy or a great man to unite the discordant elements in the new kingdom during this tedious period of probation to which Italy seems to be condemned. Unhappily for the quiet of the Peninsula, and the peace of Europe, neither are forthcoming. Under the rule of Cavour the Italians were patient of suspense. They trusted the keen Italian subtlety which steered his capacious intellect, and in an hour of difficulty turned to him as they would have turned to a Machiavelli for advice. What Cavour did was often unpopular for the time; but his countrymen had watched his course narrowly, and knew that in everything he was playing a long game. He had shown himself a match for Austrian diplomacy through several series of years. He moved on equal ground with the Emperor of the French himself, with equal skill, in equal reserve and secrecy. His mantle has fallen on no immediate successor. Among the officials of Turin, and the deputies of the newly constituted kingdom, there are many of his following, and indeed many of his antagonists, who with experience may hope to gain the title of able administrators. Neither Ricasoli nor Rattazzi are of dimensions that can cope with the height and breadth of the intellectual faculties of Count Cavour. Rattazzi himself is a Parliamentary tactician of no mean order. He has in his past history as a politician inaugurated more than one sound and bold measure of reform. If he had only to govern a representative assembly, he would perhaps be equal to his place. But he cannot be said to have shown himself capable of taking his part upon the chess-board of Europe. His knowledge of his own powers is probably greater than his ambition. He has resigned apparently all endeavours to strike out a foreign policy of his own. The Italians, according to his view, had better sit still and wait for the salvation of the Lord. In the meantime, he promises them internal peace and order, which he will discover to his cost are not so easily bestowed on a people which is clamouring to be led against Venice and against Rome. Hesitating, well-meaning, crafty—he finds himself incompetent to change his position for the better. In the consulship of Cavour, Piedmont was a tiny kingdom, which skilfully devoted itself to conquering the sympathy of England and France for the Italian cause. Its policy belonged to a far-sighted and successful plan. Rattazzi copies some of the accidental ingredients in his predecessor's design, but omits one at least of the essential features. Cavour had a settled purpose and a goal to which all his measures tended. The present ministry of Turin seem happy and at rest so long as Garibaldi is at Caprera and the courts of the Continent are satisfied. Something more definite surely is required from any party or any party-leaders who wish to keep their fellow-countrymen from discontent, and to follow in the footsteps of Cavour.

Such orations as the late fiery speeches of Garibaldi in Sicily—unwise and intemperate as they are—fall with more force upon those for whom they are meant, for the reason that nowhere else in Italy is to be found that sort of resolute and unquenchable patriotism—that daring fidelity to a purpose and a plan—which the hero of Italian independence displays. Garibaldi represents the idea of Italian unity; Cavour, while he was alive, represented it as well, and divided with Garibaldi the enthusiasm and the affection of the



nation. Garibaldi seems now almost to be left a solitary pillar, consecrated and dedicated to the cause. It is a thousand pities that it should be so. Yet Italy can ill afford to spare him. She has no other champion of unity and independence whose will is so firm, and whose honesty is as unquestionable. His hands, at least, are clean, and his heart is true. To control him, unfortunately, is scarcely possible. There is none whose meritorious service is as great, or whose character stands as high. He is the "Tom Brown" of Italy. He is muscular; he is unselfish; he hates intellect; and he loves fighting. With his popularity and his imprudence, he is enough to paralyze and to compromise any but a powerful executive. Yet who can wish him gone, or silent? Who is there to supply his vacant place, or to revive and feed in the breast of Italy, in season and out of season, her old undying determination to achieve her independence?

The Cabinet of Rattazzi stand aloof from him, console themselves with their diplomatic conquests, and listen in tremulous anger to his denunciations of their Imperial patron or ally. Moved by pardonable jealousy, the Liberals in the Turin Parliament, naturally indignant at the unconstitutional indifference to law displayed by the General and his friends, drift into support of the Executive, which is thus confirmed in its attitude of hesitation and uncertainty. A large mass of the people—those are blind who do not see it—drift meantime in the opposite direction. The Prefect Pallavicini is rebuked and recalled amidst thunders of applause from the Liberals of the Assembly, for sanctioning with his presence the idle demonstrations of Palermo. But the people—not without reason—cleave to a man who has never deserted them, and in whose mouth is no guile. During the late Italian revolution, the friends of Italy have consistently boasted that the movement they headed or followed was a national, and not a social one. Italy, said Manin, is two hundred years behind France in respect of social problems. But there are signs that the movement—were it not watched and guided—might yet assume a more formidable character. Under the smouldering ashes of Italian society lie certain dormant but unmistakable fires. They might be kept from breaking out by a powerful and statesmanlike minister for many peaceful years. A weak and temporizing line of policy will tempt them out from their lurking-place. Crispi is crushed in-doors in debate to the satisfaction of the majority. Out of doors and among the masses is the place and hour for Crispi's triumph. The cause is obvious. "Lead us to Rome and Venice," is the cry of the nation, and of Garibaldi. The reply of Rattazzi and his party is a weak one. "Let us wait," they say, "for the approbation of Europe." That the approbation of Europe is necessary for the desirable consummation we do not deny. The peace of the Continent must not lightly be broken. But the approbation of Europe in these matters, like the kingdom of Heaven, must be taken by storm. It will not do to wait till Rome and Venice drop into the nation's mouth. The tokens of the Czar's respect and favour only conciliate and console a certain class. Large numbers of Italians are probably indifferent to the bearing and demeanour of the Russian Emperor so long as he does not actively interfere with their country's happiness. Some are his enemies by conviction and political theory. All these will regard with jealousy each imperial overture as a bribe offered to Italy to induce her to be weak. Some dissatisfaction has already been displayed by advanced Liberals at the idea of abandoning the cause of Poland. Garibaldi has told the people, both at Termini and Cefalu, that the recognition of Italy by Russia was a twofold disgrace, first, because it has been obtained by the intercession of Napoleon;—secondly, because in return for it the Polish school has been broken up. Modified feelings of the kind will be found in other parts of Italy, nor are they confined to Garibaldi and his impetuous soldiers. All things considered, it still remains a question how far the Cabinet of Turin is to be congratulated on its diplomatic victory. Victor Emmanuel may march arm in arm with a Napoleon, and retain the affections of Italy. But he does not gain much at home by Russia's tardy condescensions, though they may invest his throne with an air of stability, and his person with an air of dignity.

#### THE BANQUET TO M. ROUHER.

THE dinner to which the French Minister of Commerce was invited on Wednesday at Willis's Rooms, was a useful protest against the sneers of Lord Palmerston. The rival attractions of the entertainment of the Viceroy of Egypt probably account for one or two names which were conspicuous in their absence; but the presence of the President of the Board of Trade and of Sir George C. Lewis showed that some members of the Cabinet regarded the French Treaty of Commerce with feelings different from those which appear to be entertained by their chief. The enthusiasm with which Mr. Cobden was received corresponds to the gratitude felt towards him by the mass of the people; and M. Rouher, supported by M. Chevalier and M. Dufour, represented the French Government in alliance with its economists and men of commerce.

Free trade seems at once the result and the preserver of peace. It is impossible that two nations can live side by side in friendly intercourse without coming to the conclusion that each will gain by an

interchange of commodities with the other. That result of reason, almost rapid enough to appear to be instinct, which leads the men of a village to separate their occupations, must soon be arrived at with respect to nations when mutual acquaintance has become possible. The abortive attempt to establish free commerce between England and France in 1786, was made at a time when Anglomaniacism was most prominent in France, and when we had begun to understand a little better the greatness of our neighbours. The long war of the Revolution unhappily restored the previous ignorance and estrangement, but we may hope that the new treaty which our late intercourse has made possible may long preserve that intercourse in unbroken peace.

The eloquent speech of the French Minister contained an animated sketch of the economic legislation of France, but was most valuable in exhibiting the anxious desire of the Emperor to preserve a strict alliance with this country. M. Rouher has always occupied a Liberal Conservative position. In early life an ally of M. Guizot, he did not hesitate, in the Legislative Assembly, to speak of the Revolution of February as a misfortune; and he was one of the first to adhere to the fortunes of the present Emperor. Belonging to the party of Order, as opposed to the party of Action, he received the portfolio of Justice on the 2nd of December. In his present capacity of Minister of Commerce, he presided over the Committee of Inquiry which was appointed to report on the provisions of the recent treaty. We may probably look on him as faithfully reflecting as far as possible, the opinions of his Sovereign. In deprecating petty jealousies, in the respect which he manifested for our statesmen, and in the toast which he proposed of the strict alliance of the two nations, he represented the policy of Napoleon.

It was said of a lately deceased county magistrate that he never made a speech without introducing the name of Adam Smith. Whether the meeting was one for the establishment of schools, for voting an address to the Sovereign, or for the Propagation of the Gospel, in some part of his oration he would cite "that great work of a most remarkable philosopher, I mean Adam Smith." Had he been called upon to review the commercial intercourse between England and France, Adam Smith might have occupied the beginning, the middle, and the end of his discourse. The feeling which made Smith resolve on dedicating the "Wealth of Nations" to M. Quesnay was amply repaid by the respect which M. Turgot felt towards him. Necker was his pupil, and Lord Stanhope has told us how highly Mr. Pitt prized his work. The treaty of 1786 may be said to have been due to him. That of 1859-60 was no less the effect of his influence. The great war had almost suppressed in France the thought of commercial freedom; but the translation of the "Wealth of Nations," by M. Garnier, in the year X., served to keep it alive. It was a copy of this translation which fell into the hands of Frédéric Bastiat when a young clerk at Bayonne, that sowed the seed which afterwards produced the series of books and pamphlets which have so much influenced in favour of free trade the opinions of politicians in France—

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever."

But much as had been thus accomplished towards the enlightenment of the French nation, the Treaty of Commerce would have been impossible without the resolute will of the Emperor. M. Rouher tells us that when Mr. Cobden and M. Chevalier submitted the project to his Sovereign, he looked on them as leaders of a forlorn hope. The partisans of prohibitory duties considered their position impregnable. But the Emperor had studied our economic progress, and remembered the words of Sir Robert Peel—"I hope that my name may be spoken of with blessing in the cottages of the poor." Many on this side of the Channel thought the Emperor hazarded his power by provoking such a formidable opposition; but legislation of this kind soon begets proofs of its worth. The rapid development of trade between England and France which has followed the treaty renders a return to protection as impossible (to use the Premier's illustration) as making the Exe flow backwards: it is possible that the gratitude of his people has already rendered the dynasty of the French ruler more secure. The first result of the treaty in which M. Rouher sees a subject for congratulation is the increased steadiness of the industry of his country, and the second is of a like character, the astonishing increase of our international commerce. Each effect must operate powerfully in increasing the stability of the Empire.

Great as is the absolute worth of the French treaty, the time at which it happened has made it still more desirable for both nations. At a moment when the American conflict deprived us of our best market both for buying and selling, we have had opened up another, admitting of almost unlimited extension. In 1854, our imports and exports were, with France, £10,447,774 and £6,391,465 respectively, whilst with the United States they were £29,795,302 and £22,333,403. These figures represent the extent to which we had developed with the two countries the principle of the division of labour. The natural characteristics of the French soil and of the French people are sufficiently different from those of England to warrant an interchange almost, if not quite, as great as



that between this country and America; the population of France was greater than that of the States—its proximity need not be pointed out—and yet our trade with it was not a third of our trade with the other. Terrible as are the effects, both here and across the Channel, of the American struggle, they must have been still more severe had not our markets been opened to one another, so as partly to supply the advantages we have lost. If we cannot obtain cotton to keep the mills of Lancashire at work, we must be glad to think that the distress of our spinners has not affected so deeply as it might our other manufacturers, for the simple reason that these have found a new field for their labour.

M. Rouher pointed out that the treaty between France and England has already had an influence as a proclamation, in the name of two great nations, of the principles of commercial freedom. France has concluded treaties of commerce with Belgium and the Zollverein, and is now about to ratify one with Italy. We ourselves are negotiating for a removal of the obstacles to Free Trade between us and Belgium; and almost the last announcement in the Upper Chamber of the Reichsrath was, that Austria was about to enter the Zollverein. "Ces principes," said the eloquent orator, "dont vous avez été les glorieux précurseurs, sont destinés à vivifier toutes les législations, à stimuler la production chez tous les peuples."

Amidst the blaze of congratulation of the banquet, many of those present must, in their imagination, have seen a skeleton amongst them. The Secretary for War had, but a night or two before, defended the vote for fortifications. The Exhibition of 1851 saw the world at peace, and we said that war would be no more. In the interval since that time wars and rumours of wars have filled the air. The Exhibition of 1862 sees Europe at peace; but America is torn by a conflict, inevitable indeed, but not the less to be lamented as most fierce, perhaps fiercer because also fratricidal. Who can forecast the coming year? If mean jealousies and distrust be permitted to grow amongst us, we shall create the enemy in the friend whom we suspect. Meanwhile, by "bloated armaments" we shall waste our industry and our strength, and double the pains which fate has in store for us. Can nothing be done to check such a ruinous career? Commercial treaties are of little avail whilst two great nations stand trembling at what may be a light flaring in a hollow turnip. The French Emperor knows us well enough to be assured of our pacific intentions, though some of his poorer subjects may entertain a panic-dread of invasion such as has occurred once and again amongst us. Might not the Power which took a step in advance of the people in the commercial treaty take another step in a peace treaty which should limit our armies and our navies, and join us in making a still nobler proclamation to the nations of the world?

#### THE OPENING OF THE CAPE PARLIAMENT.

THE "Opening of Parliament" is a phrase which needs no interpretation to English ears, from whatever quarter of the world it may reach them. In its origin and its essence the ceremony is thoroughly English, and nothing can bring home to us more vividly the truth and meaning of our favourite commonplaces about the spread of our freedom and institutions, than the now frequent intelligence that a Parliament has been opened with the old familiar forms somewhere near the Antipodes. And when a Colonial newspaper tells us how faithful has been the copy of the ancient pattern preserved at home in the minutest details, even down to the admission by tickets of select and highly-favoured ladies,—we may remember with a smile Burke's noble image of "the chosen race and sons of England" turning their faces towards us while they worship freedom. When the Greek of old was sent forth to form new settlements, he bore with him embers from the sacred fire that was ever burning in the town-hall of his mother-city; and first among the cares of the infant colony was to provide a fit resting-place for the fire that was to be the perpetual symbol of the ties that bound them to the land of their fathers. But the sacred fire of our colonists is "the spirit of the English constitution." Some bore it with them when they quitted their native shores, and have braved rebellion rather than be robbed of the precious possession,—to others who had it not at first it has since been freely given,—while with the rest, who have it now in more or less scanty and imperfect forms, it is only a question of time when the full measure of it can be safely confided to their custody. For of our readiness to give the Colonies all that we have to give, and of the absence of any selfish intent to preserve a single mark of their dependency a moment longer than is thought necessary for their interests, there can now be no doubt or question.

The last mail from the Cape brought the news that the session of the Colonial Parliament had been opened by the newly-appointed Governor with a speech which made a marked sensation, for the measures proposed in it undoubtedly involve many changes of the first magnitude and importance to the future of the South African Colonies. To do the Governor justice, he has not shrunk from facing at once the difficult questions which lay in his path at the outset of his administration, nor has he fenced himself with vague and cautious

truisms, but has frankly proposed such definite measures as recommended themselves to his judgment and experience. He has called for the advice and co-operation of those whose knowledge of the colony is longer than his own, and has left his own suggestions to be adopted or rejected by the Colonial Legislature as it shall think fit. Much of his speech relates of course to purely local concerns; but, among matters of imperial interest, we cannot pass over without notice the paragraph which relates to a refusal by the Legislative Council to pass a grant of £10,000 voted by the House of Assembly as a contribution towards extra-allowances to the Queen's troops. The Legislative Council were asked to reconsider their decision and pass the grant, and were plainly told that if they did not do so, the Home Government would "have no alternative but to infer that the colonists see no occasion for the assistance of the Queen's forces in their defence; and they must be prepared to find measures adopted for withdrawing a suitable portion of the troops from a country where their maintenance is not thought worth any co-operation on the part of the colonial authorities." But the most important question with which the Governor deals is, to quote his own words, "in what form, and to what ends, the administration of the affairs of this colony, and of this part of South Africa is, for the future, to be conducted; whether, in short, we shall acquiesce in the policy of dividing this territory into various small and independent colonies, or whether, in the interest of all, we shall use our best endeavours to promote the prosperity and advancement of one large state."



It will be seen from the accompanying sketch that Southern Africa, which is a lofty table-land, runs down from the Equator towards the south in the shape of a huge promontory, washed by the Atlantic and Indian oceans. Our empire there, which is made up of the colonies of the Cape, British Kaffraria and Natal, covers an area of 240,000 square miles, and it has grown to these enormous limits by successive annexations of territory. The Cape Colony, twice taken by us from the Dutch, is bounded on the north by the Great Orange river, on the north-east by the Basuto territory and the Orange Free State, and on the east by Kaffirland and British Kaffraria. In 1835, the colony was divided, for administrative purposes, into two provinces, and each province was subdivided into ten counties, Cape Town being the capital of the western province, and Graham's Town of the eastern. British Kaffraria, a narrow strip of fertile, well-watered, and richly-grassed land, containing about 3,000 square miles, is separated from the eastern province of the Cape Colony by the Keiskamma river, and from Kaffirland, on the east, by the Great Kei river, which flows sixty miles distant from the Keiskamma. When the Kaffir war of 1847 had been brought to a close, the tribes dwelling between these two rivers were deprived of their independence, and their forfeited territory was annexed to the Crown, under the name of British Kaffraria. Subsequently it was created by letters patent a distinct government, entirely independent of the legislature of the Cape Colony, and all powers for its government, both legislative and executive, were given to the Governor of the Cape for the time being. More than 200 miles to the north-east of the Great Kei river, we reach the western boundary of the colony of Natal. This district, lying between the 29th and 31st parallels south latitude, and extending more than 100 miles along the coast, was annexed to the Cape Colony by letters patent in 1844; but it has since been made a separate government, and its Lieutenant-Governor is no longer subordinate to the Governor of the Cape. Between British Kaffraria and Natal lies Kaffirland, occupied by nominally independent tribes, and as yet forming no part of our dominions. But a glance at its position between two expanding colonies is sufficient to convince us that, sooner or later, this district too will be annexed, and that the day is probably not far off when the English rule will spread along an unbroken seaboard from the north-eastern limit of Natal to the north-western corner of the Cape Colony.

Bearing these facts in mind, together with the great importance of conducting our relations with the still formidable native tribes within and without our borders on just and uniform principles, we cannot fail to see that the question of one or many governments is of vital



interest to the South African colonies. Moreover, attention has recently been drawn to it by the proposed separation of the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Cape Colony. For some time past the colony has rung with the loud complaints of the representatives of the Eastern Province, and the usual machinery of agitation has been worked by a separation League. And it must be admitted that their grievances are neither slight nor unreal, for serious are the inconvenience and the losses which men without leisure, to whom time is money, are made to suffer by attendance in a Parliament holding its sittings at a town 600 miles from their homes, and with which there is no railway communication. The length of the journey, and the long absence from home, naturally tend to keep away the members for the Eastern districts, and preponderance in Parliament is secured to the Western Province, whose representatives are nearer the place of meeting. When such is the case we may fairly believe what the Separationists complain of—that Eastern interests sometimes fall a victim to the convenience of the West. And so it has come to pass that the drama now being acted in the United States has a counterpart, on a small and comparatively harmless scale, at the southern extremity of Africa. All that the Eastern Province has been asking for, is to be allowed to “secede”—to go its own way and set up for itself. Happily the parallel ends here; for the war of secession at the Cape has been fought with innocuous weapons on bloodless fields, and now the Governor has stepped between the combatants in the guise of a “Nestor componere lites.” His mediatory scheme is the good old English recipe of a compromise. Declaring against separation and the removal of the seat of Government, and also against federation, he proposes that the annual sessions of Parliament should be held alternately in the Eastern and Western parts of the colony; that the Governor should be provided with the means of residing occasionally in the capital of the Eastern province, and that corresponding changes should be made in the distribution of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

These terms, as we learn from the Cape papers, have been accepted unanimously by the Secessionists; for even the extreme section of the party, who believe in the necessity of an ultimate separation, are ready to give the Governor's plan a fair trial. What reception the proposal would meet with in the Western province was not known at the time when the mail left the Cape. Public opinion had not then matured itself; but we hope that the members for the Western districts will consent to try the plan of alternate sessions, and submit to some inconveniences from which they have hitherto enjoyed an entire immunity at the expense of the Eastern province, before they drive the latter into secession, and tear the colony asunder. These inconveniences, however, are likely soon to disappear, if affairs be well conducted. The recent opening of the first bit of railroad at the Cape is an earnest of better things to come; and these days of rapid communications are also the days for union and cohesion. Forming part of the same scheme of union is the Governor's proposal to annex British Kaffraria to the Cape Colony, while extending to it a fair measure of representation in the united Parliament; but we shall reserve for another occasion our remarks on the present position of this dependency, and the circumstances which have led to the proposal of its annexation to the Cape Colony.

We have no means of knowing what opinions are held at the Colonial Office with reference to the union and consolidation of the South African dependencies, but the day of “Mr. Mothercountry of the Colonial Office” is past and gone, and the decision of these questions will doubtless be left to the colonists themselves. The Governor's proposed measures seem to come from a man who has been sent out to govern the colony without any definite instructions—who has been given a *carte blanche* and told to make the best of his difficulties. And this was the wisest course that could have been adopted. As the Governor told his Parliament, in vindicating himself from a possible charge of presumption, a man, “free from all local prejudices, but aided by the experience of a life spent in the public service, may, with the advantage of being actually present on the spot, be able to form an unbiassed opinion on the prominent features of their position, and may offer suggestions calculated to form the basis at least of judicious changes in the constitution and establishments of the colony.”

#### EGYPT, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.

WHEN, during the Syrian war, Mohammad 'Alee not only allowed the Indian mails and passengers to pass through Egypt, but protected them from the violence of his subjects, whose fanaticism was thoroughly aroused, he laid down for us the first principle of our policy towards the country he ruled. It is a necessity that our highway to India should be open and safe. The Pasha's extraordinary self-denial at the very moment when we stood between him and the prize of his life, but for us within his grasp, showed profound political wisdom; but there was great generosity in his instant action, and we look in vain for any parallel in contemporary history.

Mohammad 'Alee's successors, in a period of peace, have never mistaken a policy which England, not unmindful of her duty to a

hospitable power and to our ancient ally its suzerain, has unwaveringly followed. France, suspecting England of ulterior objects, and deeply interested in a country which witnessed the valour, the sufferings, and almost the martyrdom of St. Louis, which was the scene of a brilliant campaign of Bonaparte, as General of the old Republic, and which, most of all, made the French name illustrious by the great discovery of Champollion, has not been unmoved by the sight of an undoubted influence. She has thus been led to exercise a similar influence, which has made our influence yet more prominent, until it is usually supposed, especially on the spot, that the power which has striven to keep Egypt out of the hands of a rival, or at least has so striven under the present Emperor, has really desired to make it a profitable Algeria, and that the power which has determined to maintain its virtual independence, has been systematically plotting another annexation. While we acquit the Governments of the motives commonly imputed to them, we cannot wonder at the accusation having been occasioned by the zeal of their agents, whose love of intrigue has generally been in an inverse ratio to their political importance; but we do wonder that the Pashas of Egypt have been able, since the Syrian war, to give general satisfaction to both parties, and to keep clear of all serious dissensions with home authorities, who usually consider it a duty to back the actions, however unreasonable, of their representatives in the East.

Mohammad 'Alee, in the earlier part of his rule, maintained an admirable neutrality between the two advising powers. France drilled his soldiers, England established his manufactories, and he was grateful to both. After the Syrian war, he naturally inclined to the French party, and by its advice undertook the fortification of Alexandria, one of those great projects which were more suited to his large ambition than to the resources of the country which it impoverished. The position of Alexandria is not naturally strong, and it can only be defended by extensive works. These were accordingly constructed, at great labour and cost, and they might be held by a garrison of 40,000 men, or more than twice the strength of the Egyptian army, as settled by treaty, against any investing army of less than 100,000 men. If the Egyptian Government could garrison such a fortress, it could not protect the country from an invading force having its base of operations in the Bay of Pelusium, at Suez, or at El-Kuseyr, farther south than the latter town. Alexandria would be valuable to a power strong in the Mediterranean, which could throw a sufficient force into it to establish a safe base from which expeditions could be sent into the interior.

Ibrâheem Pasha's short government was at first marked, as had been his previous influence, by a still stronger leaning to French counsels. Probably he could not forget that he had been personally opposed by us in Syria, and that to us he owed his only reverses in the field. But the events of 1848 wrought a marked change, and he at once showed a great respect for our Government. Abbâs Pasha was so much attached to English interests, that it used to be said in his time that our Consul-General governed the country. Sa'eed Pasha has been thought to lean as much upon French advisers, but this we believe to be an impression that is very much the result of the accidents of his French education, of his employment of several able Frenchmen, and, above all, of his patronage of the Suez Canal. It has been supposed that the military training of nearly the whole adult male population is due to the same influence; for, it has been asked, where are the officers to be found in Egypt who could command so vast an army?

Sa'eed Pasha's visit to England, not the first which he has paid us, has already dissipated any such distrust. He has come among us with friendly frankness, and has received the welcome to which his hospitality to Englishmen fully entitles him. He takes the same interest in our manufactures as in those of France, and he offers his aid to increase our supply of cotton. England must endeavour to show him that the strength of his Government and the well-being of his country satisfy her utmost wishes, and that her only rivalry with France is in aiding him to promote these ends.

The well-being of Egypt opens out the question of its internal administration, and here we must take a historical glance into the recent past. Mohammad 'Alee was the first, after three hundred years of constant tyranny, only varied by frequent anarchy, to establish in Egypt a strong and comparatively just government, under which the amazing fertility of the country raised it at once from misery to great prosperity. Those who have read early books of travel can understand what a change this was, and how much Egypt and the world gained by the destruction of the unfortunate Memlooks and the substitution of a hereditary line of Pashas for court favourites sent from Constantinople to exhaust the unhappy province. He abolished the feudal system, which, however, late in his rule he partially restored; he made the country perfectly safe for travellers, and did much to repress exaction and to keep fanaticism within bounds. His mistake was, as we have said, attempting schemes too large for the resources of Egypt, such as the canalization of the Lower Country and the establishment of large manufactories with a view to rival the European imports. Ibrâheem Pasha, who had more common sense, and, save in military matters, less genius, always maintained that Egypt



should be an agricultural and not a manufacturing country, and therefore, while heir and during his short rule, he discouraged manufactures and promoted the development of the productiveness of his fertile territories. Abbás Pasha, from indifference rather than policy, let well alone, and the peasants became rich under his rule. Sa'eed Pasha, who inherits much of the love of European civilization which characterized Mohammad 'Alee in a time when it was far more rare, has not neglected the interests of agriculture, but has allowed the promotion of manufactures and commerce to injure them by withdrawing hands necessary for the cultivation of the country, and his military training of the peasantry has had the same result. He has, we think, followed the tradition of Mohammad 'Alee a little too closely.

The great project with which the Pasha's name is connected is exactly one of those magnificent impossibilities which delighted his father. The Suez Canal has been opposed by English statesmen, but we are at a loss to know what harm it could occasion us. It might weaken our monopoly, but it would extend our commerce, and we do wrong to grudge the Greeks and the Italians a trifling coasting-trade that our heavyships could not undertake, and that our ambitious traders would despise. Our objection to the canal is that to maintain it clear of sand, and to construct and keep clear the two harbours near Pelusium and at Suez, would make such heavy dues necessary, that it would be cheaper for sailing-vessels to go round the Cape than to use it, to say nothing of the great danger of navigating the Red Sea, which has but a narrow deep channel between coral reefs, and over which northerly winds almost always blow. We regret that the Pasha has expended vast sums of money in this project, and allowed the contractors to carry on the works by means of what can only be called forced labour.

When Sa'eed Pasha promises us twice as much cotton next year as we have received in the present one, he may perhaps be using the language of Oriental hyperbole, but it is fortunate that his attention has been drawn to the importance of the agriculture of his country. Had Ibráheem Pasha lived, the cotton of Egypt might probably have stood us in as good stead as its corn did during the Irish famine. Those who know how enormous an extent of land once fertile is uncultivated,—probably nearly half as much again as that now under culture,—and how much more might be gradually fertilized by merely cutting canals, may hope that the Pasha will do something beyond utilizing soil already producing, and will, for instance, reclaim the land of Goshen, once the "best of the land," now unwatered and concealed beneath shallow sand-drifts.

In one respect Sa'eed Pasha has surpassed his predecessors. He is the first ruler of Egypt who has shown a real interest in the ancient monuments of the country, and his enlightened patronage of M. Mariette and Dr. Brugsch has led to the most important archaeological results. We hope that he may be induced to guard the precious monuments of the Pharaohs still more effectively from the ignorant utilitarianism of the peasantry and the disgraceful Vandalism of European travellers. We should like to hear of noble tourists being heavily fined for painting or cutting their names on the temples and tombs, and so defacing historical records, often not copied, and, by the way, also for shooting by the hundred, or even thousand, pigeons, the actual though not the legal property of the poor peasants. We have regretted in such cases that a *Civis Romanus* must not be whipped.

We would say a word for the Arab architecture of Cairo, which, both in the mosques and private dwellings, is unequalled in the Muslim world. This style is of the past, and its fragile buildings will not survive two generations unless carefully repaired. The establishing of a school of wood-carvers and workers in mosaic after the old patterns, and a scientific account of the chief mosques and finest houses of Cairo, would be noble works to commemorate the Pasha's appreciation of his adopted country.

The native civilization should not be forgotten. The Azhar, the great mosque of Cairo, is the chief university of the Muslims, and there all students receive, without payment, a thorough education from unpaid professors, the most learned men of the East. When we know that Dr. Barth found, in a town of Central Africa, never before visited by Europeans, a native almost a Negro, who had been a pupil of the Azhar, reading Plato in Arabic, we begin to appreciate the value of this training, which European education cannot yet supplant. Still more, those who know what the Arabs have done to civilize Central Africa, and how great their influence there is—the present Sheykh of Timbuktoo having been sent for from the Hijaz, and chosen from Mohammad's tribe, the Kureysh,—will not willingly see the great university which supplies the means of civilization neglected, or its funds misapplied. We hope that a true belief will some day be taught in the still mysterious centre of Africa, but we must not fail to recognize the great good that Mohammadanism has effected among its savage tribes.

Territorially, Egypt is almost the smallest of important states, for the deserts that fence in the valley of the Nile have never been held to be integral portions of the country, and the Ethiopian provinces, as yet partially civilized, must be similarly reduced. But its productiveness, its influence as a centre of civilization, its place in the

highway to India, and its historical monuments of forty centuries, give its ruler a high position, which the vigour and intelligence of Sa'eed Pasha well qualify him to fill with advantage, and to raise to somewhat of its former dignity, whether in ancient times or in the days of the Muslim kings.

#### FRIAR TUCK.

SOME few years ago a little steam yacht, containing the fortunes of an English colonial bishop and his friends, lay in a river not many hundred miles distant from Labuan. Close by was moored another vessel of similar proportions, also bearing the person of an ecclesiastical functionary, who this time was not a Protestant but a Roman Catholic prelate. The rival bishops watched each other's movements strictly and sharply. In the morning each sniffed the air defiantly in the direction of his antagonist; in the evening each went to bed in fervent astonishment that the other was still permitted to cumber the earth another day. Nor were the reverend and rival brethren inactive. The Roman Catholic divine in particular gave himself up to polemical and missionary warfare with all the zeal of a Loyola. In a word, he converted every one who came near him right and left, and, as bad luck would have it, some of the crew or servants of the Protestant boat fell victims to his pious labours. The evangelical prelate had borne in silence, but with indignation and fury in his heart, the conversions of the natives in the vicinity. When it came to converting his own crew under his very nose he could stand it no longer. The fires were raked. The little steamer began to get up steam. Smoke issued from her funnel. It was evident that something was going on upon board, and in a little while a message crossed the river from the Protestant bishop with his lordship's compliments to the Roman Catholic bishop on the other side, and he begged to say that if the Roman Catholic converted another member of the Protestant crew his lordship would fire into him at once. What could the threatened prelate do? He consulted his chaplain, and both came to the conclusion that they had no special vocation for martyrdom in the wilds of the East. No choice remained but to give in. It was evident that the Protestant was in earnest. The Roman Catholic accordingly determined to temper his zeal. No more conversions were made, or at least none were made publicly, and the orthodox faith won the day. But who was the bishop to whom thanks were due? It was the present Bishop of Labuan, who on his recent visit to this country smoked his cigar and wore his moustache and beard in Pall Mall and Bond Street with so much coolness and *aplomb* as to take away the breath of several minor canons and Anglican functionaries, who had not only never heard hitherto, but absolutely never dreamt of a bishop wearing hair upon his lip or indulging in tobacco.

If the gallant and moral Tom Brown, whose fortunes at Rugby and Oxford have edified and charmed us, takes, in a future magazine or a future three-volume novel, to a fit of that religious thoughtfulness which his author seems to think can alone console a man under the transparent failure of Mr. Ricardo, of Mr. Mill, and of political economists in general, he will certainly take orders and go to the colonies. That he will still smoke and diligently cultivate a beard cannot for a moment be questioned. It is the duty of a muscular Christian to do so. Nor if he rises to the highest ecclesiastical dignities will he at all relax his habits. The muscular Christian dies, but he never gives in about tobacco. It is the token and badge of his profession, just as circumcision was the distinction of a child of Abraham. To relinquish it would be a cowardly desertion of his colours. It cannot be said, therefore, that the exploits we have mentioned above, or any of them, are inconsistent with a highly-trained moral and religious character. On the contrary, they are typical of a peculiar school. Tom Brown does this, because he is among the prophets, and because the moral growth of the other prophets is dear to him. It is his duty and his mission not to wink at the humbug of conventionality, but to take his beer and his pipe regularly, and to show that a humble-minded able-bodied Christian can appreciate a good tap as well as the Mammon of unrighteousness. Clearly the mere fact that Tom Brown had become the Right Reverend Tom Brown would not give him a right to go out of training, or to put extra temptation in Satan's path by allowing his muscles to get low. To engage in battle as often as he had the chance would be a sacred duty to his race. A Catholic bishop would, of course, be better than nothing, though, as a rule, they are washy creatures, and greatly overtrained. But pirates are the very thing that he would have been looking for all his life. What has Tom Brown, he would say to himself, got to do in this life but to fight pirates wherever he finds them? They are the enemies of human nature, and the Right Reverend Tom, from youth upwards, has been its champion and avenger. So the Church militant would beat to quarters and prepare for action. There are,—the Right Reverend Tom Brown would piously reflect, as he took off his coat, and turned up his shirt-sleeves,—there are pirates of all kinds—intellectual pirates, moral pirates, and the pirates of private and real life. Of all pirates, he would continue, the last-named pirate is the worst, for he not only seeks to destroy the soul, but he is continually on the look-out for mean advantages to destroy the body. It is the duty of the Church militant, in about two minutes, and as soon as all parties are ready, to be at him.

The amusing and interesting account, given in a letter of the Bishop of Labuan to the *Times*, of a regular affray of the kind, at which his warlike



lordship has assisted, will give sincere pleasure to every Tom Brown in the three kingdoms. The pirates came on raging and rampant, but the Christian bishop has been too many for them. "Our weapons, though few," says the right rev. narrator, modestly, "were good, and well served, and, in justice to the maker, I must mention that my double-barrelled Terry's breech-loader, made by Reilly, New Oxford-street, proved itself a most deadly weapon, from its true shooting, and certainty and rapidity of fire. *It never missed once in eighty rounds*, and was then so little fouled that I believe it would have fired eighty rounds more with like effect without waiting to be cleaned." On a fine morning, before daylight, in consequence of intelligence they received, the bishop and his friend, the younger Rajah Brooke, with a little steamer and a little gun-boat, started from the mouth of the Binlulu river, which intersects a district of the same name half-way between Sarawak and Labuan. After a while, in the dim light of the early dawn, they saw three large pirate junks towards the north-east, and at once gave chase. The pirate craft were bristling with men, who rowed standing, and were making as hard as possible for the shore. "I never saw fellows pull so," says the bishop, with evident disdain. His own vessel and its consort had been prepared both for pursuit and fight. There was no bulwark to the steamer, and the Rajah had accordingly hung some planks and mattresses over the iron poop-rail, in order to protect his own and his crew's legs. Eight Europeans were there in all, together with three natives, "good and true men." After an exciting race, the first vessel of the three succeeded in getting safe to land. The second was just escaping, when the steamer, putting on full power, ran into her, struck her amidships, and went clean over her with her stem. A similar collision damaged, though it did not sink, the third; and the battle, which had been hot and bloody while it lasted, soon was done. The crew and captain of the first boat, meanwhile, had escaped into the jungle. The *Jolly Bachelor*, says his lordship, with Messrs. Paul & Lucas on board, was ordered to look after them, while the bishop and his friends betook themselves to the humane task of looking to the wants of the captives and the wounded men. While thus engaged, they heard a rumour of three more pirate vessels out at sea. It turned out to be true. Soon, taking the benefit of a little sea-breeze, they came sweeping down upon him, and opened fire as they approached. The engagement did not last long. A repetition of the Rajah's former tactics was followed with the same success. The bloodshed was large among the pirates, though the terrible story is relieved by an account of the joyful liberation of crowds of poor captives who were found in detention on board the piratical craft. All who received injuries, both friends and foes, were thoroughly attended to. The present Bishop of Labuan is said to have been a surgeon before he was a clergyman, and his surgical skill stood him doubtless in some stead. One or two quaint expressions of warlike piety here and there are to be found, which remind us partly of the occasional religious ejaculations of Robinson Crusoe during his travels and experiences. "We are, indeed, all most thankful," writes the bishop after potting his eighty pirates with his Terry breechloader, "to Providence, who thus ordered things for us." We do not know whether the eighty potted pirates would have quite approved of their slaughter being considered in the light of a religious exercise. Probably they are all villains and marauders, and the Bishop of Labuan describes with just horror the way they deal with the prisoners they capture. It is impossible, in his opinion, to estimate the destruction and the havoc, the murder and the slave-dealing carried on by these wretches in their yearly cruises. "It is, indeed, *ex vi victis* with them, and I think"—says the right reverend gentleman relapsing again into the intense vein of Robinson Crusoe,—"it is the duty of every Christian man and every Christian nation to do all that can be done to rid the earth of such horrible and dangerous monsters, and to punish the Sultan of Sooloo, and all who abet and aid them." Meanwhile, as a concession to the religious world, the Bishop of Labuan, with an amusing change of tone, announces that he is able to hold out hopes of at least one young and future convert. "I have taken one to the hospital,"—he writes very much as if he was giving the natural history of the capture of a young bear,—"*with three shots in him.*" "He is a fine lad, about fourteen, the brother of a chief." "I shall try," continues his lordship, with an ingenious imitation of the meek air of a missionary, "to educate and make a Christian of him." In spite of the bishop's anxiety to be episcopal, his thoughts do not dwell very long upon his young convert. He returns to the fighting and the shooting with comical gusto, after having despatched his little piece of intelligence for Exeter Hall. The young heathen cub has by this time probably entered on his new spiritual and physical régime; and when he is fully grown, will no doubt be exhibited in public in the usual way.

We hardly know what is to be said of a jolly bishop who fights like a midshipman, and writes about his exploits afterwards with such evident relish and enjoyment. A careful perusal of his letter prevents our putting the gentle construction on it that he potted his eighty heathen in self-defence. We cannot but confess that the Right Rev. Bishop of Labuan rather went out of his way to have at them. We do not wish to blame him. The Illanun pirates probably deserve extermination at the least, and the temptation to take part in their extermination may have been irresistible. The simplicity of the life he leads most likely renders him more callous than we should be to an exploit of the kind. There is something that savours strangely of a primitive and apostolic Christianity in the news that Messrs. Paul and Lucas were left behind in the *Jolly Bachelor* to finish off the savages who had escaped to shore. We wonder what the worthy bishop would think

if he were to read of similar doings in the Acts of the Apostles; or if St. Paul had been proved to have brought over some eighty pirates with a bow and arrows on his voyage to Melita or to Rome? That his lordship is—*absit invidia verbo*—a fine fellow and a gallant Englishman, no one who reads his correspondence will deny. Some, however, will always be left to censure him. In England we can hardly judge matters of this kind fairly. An extreme and excessive regard for conventionality in clergymen leads us to hamper the profession with what are often unnecessary chains. Nor can we apply to the rough intercourse which a civilized European holds with the barbarous tribes about him in the far East, a code of rules which were only designed to be complete and exhaustive as between civilized men. If St. Paul had been thrown among the pirates of the Borneo seas, he might, perhaps, have had to fight his way. For anything that we know, St. Thomas really did so. In extreme cases such as these, it may be best that the ministers of the Gospel should arm themselves to do earthly battle against the lawless oppressors of the regions near them. The same casuistical difficulties arise when we come to apply the laws of morality and the precepts of the New Testament to life so irregular and barbarous. That an end should be put to the cruelties and rapine of the villains who infest that quarter of the globe is clear. The only question is, whether a Christian bishop should head the enterprise, or should leave these worldly operations to others. We cannot pretend to decide so knotty a point. The Tom Browns of England will vote by acclamation for the bishop. The Bishop of Oxford will close his holy eyes; the rest of the Bench might reasonably shake their heads. The matter had better be left to the Bishop of Labuan himself. It will, we trust, be his care to see that everything is done in his own case, as well as in the case of others, reverently and in order. It would be a pity and a great misfortune if the early traditions of some future Eastern church were filled with a class of anecdotes and adventures that are happily wanting in the traditions of our own. But that the Bishop of Labuan is fitted for the rough life he has undertaken, is plain, at all events. All his fellow-countrymen who have read his letter will wish him success and health wherever he is, a continual increase of muscular and athletic converts, and a constant supply of the best bitter beer.

#### PRIVATE TUTORS.

FLIES never want plenty of reasons for entering the dwelling of the spider, and many things ensure an abundant prey to those who advertise for private pupils. Some parents are tender, and desire for their children the comforts of a home. Some have a passion for gentility, and wish their manners to be attended to. Some fear for them the contamination of a public school, and would preserve them from the knowledge of evil at the risk of depriving them of the knowledge of good. Others require a peculiar form of religion, and are willing to pay a high price for the fashion. A few will have titled companions for their sons, and place them with a tutor of aristocratic connection. Guardians occasionally employ their wards as pieces of patronage, to be bestowed on personal friends apart from the consideration of any other quality than neediness in the friends. Not a few invest in the most expensive kind of education as they buy the most costly furniture, simply because it is expensive. Reasons of this sort are endless, but probably few men would be moved by them if they did not think that, apart from these, education by a private tutor is at least as good in itself as education at a school. But in reality this is very far from the truth, except in the case of those boys whom strong idiosyncrasy or defective powers unfit for the society of their kind. In general, private tutors are inefficient, and if they were not, they would still be a bad means of education. We are not speaking now of the private tutors at the universities. These have a definite kind and amount of information to give, and they give it for the most part well. If they are bad, they are immediately rendered harmless by the loss of their pupils, for the same men who, in later life, will act foolishly about their sons' education often exercise admirable judgment about their own. The pass-tutors are a kind of hacks, who do their roadwork without pretension and with mechanical regularity. The class-tutors, again, are teachers of the best kind. We have, indeed, known some who lectured from between their blankets; others whose practice it was to illustrate their philosophy by obscene jokes or anecdotes of indecent assaults, and some who have given occasion to worse scandal by their conduct in their twofold relations to their men as tutors and as examiners, but these are exceptional cases. In general they are the best men of their time, who spend a year or two, after taking their degree, in passing on their knowledge with all the freshness of a new acquisition. They have at first to learn their work, so to speak, on their pupils, a few of whom occasionally suffer in consequence, but they do good service in many ways. In particular, they are one of the chief means by which new leaven is from time to time introduced into the old dough of professorial routine. Nor again will our objections apply to those tutors, the creation of a period of transition, who cram candidates for the examinations for Indian or military service. They only temporarily meet a demand which will soon be answered by training-schools specially adapted to these purposes, and they seldom undertake the whole task of education.

The first objection to the ordinary private tutor is one which arises out of the character of the class from which he is commonly drawn. A more or less ignorant and stupid under-graduate blossoms into a bachelor, and, after a period of retirement, re-appears with a white tie, as other men sometimes retire into the country, and re-appear with a moustache. He wishes to



marry. The final cause of boys at once becomes evident. It is plain that they are a special dispensation of Providence for the marriage of curates. The curate then looks about him for pupils. He is especially likely to get them if he is conventional and commonplace, partly because conventional people often at first sight produce an impression of judiciousness and sense, partly because some parents prefer a safe mediocrity in these male nurses of boyhood. He never knew anything in particular. He never had much experience in teaching, except, perhaps, the taking of an occasional class in a Sunday-school. He has neither any general principles of education, nor any particular experience of boys' ways or difficulties. There are, of course, some few tutors of a different type, but many are like this; and this is hardly the sort of man to be entrusted with the whole charge of the existence of one or more human beings.

Another of what may be called the accidental defects of the system of private tutors is the difficulty of choosing them well, and the negligence which is generally shown in the choice. In sending a boy to school, a man does not rely altogether on luck, or on his own private and uninformed judgment. A public school offers a warranty, supplied by public approval, based on public and tangible success. A private tutor is unwarranted; at least his testimonials are worth about as much as the conventional characters given to servants. If he fails, his failure is not easily tested. But as if the choice were not hard enough, and uncertain enough, after all pains taken, men choose tutors with less care than they use in choosing a pony or a gun. Again, they are often selected for merits quite unconnected with education; because they are acquaintances of an acquaintance, or because of their theological opinions. Sometimes, indeed, there is no choice at all. That kind of private tutors who go to their pupils' homes are recommended merely by convenience; it is very seldom that such convenience is joined with goodness. It must be a very small mountain which will come to Mahomet.

But apart from bad material, apart from imperfections accidental like these, though, perhaps, really inseparable from the system, there are defects which must exist even where the tutor is the best possible, and the boy suited to him. "Il faut avoir les défauts de ses qualités;" and in this case the certain faults far outweigh the advantages. The most obvious of these inherent faults is the absence of division of labour. It requires the staff of a public school, made up of men distinguished each in his own line, to give a boy the chance of finding out what he is fit for. Sometimes a classical vicar and a mathematical curate, or *vice versa*, make a feeble effort to supply the place of more perfect machinery, but that is only a step in the right direction. Another objection is, that it is impossible for the private tutor to possess that experience in teaching, that knowledge of boys, which large classes and the combined and compared observation of many masters secure to the teacher in a large school. A private tutor makes a few almost solitary experiments, and instead of more skill, which would be necessary to supply the place of the public opinion of a school, he has less. Again, his machinery of discipline is inferior. At a school, rules are like laws in their universality. The personality of the legislator is removed out of sight, and regulations are more readily obeyed, because they seem to be in a manner expressions of the general sense and of common expediency. But to a private pupil every law is a command, every rule an arbitrary interference. For instance, at a school there will be a rule that no one shall visit his friends except on certain fixed occasions, regularly recurring holidays, or saint's days, and so on. A private tutor will say, "You have dined out enough this week, you must not go out again for a certain time." This is a trifling instance; but the effects of the different systems are widely different. Resentment is felt for the varying and managing command, but the law of the Medes and Persians is acquiesced in. The want of general discipline is farther aggravated by the absence of the public opinion of the school. It is needless to enlarge on the good effects of the small world of school. The private pupil has no public round him to form his moral sense. He misses the early lessons in dealing with his kind and maintaining his position, and the invaluable habit of public spirit. It is usual, indeed, to say that he is removed from temptations to particular forms of vice. But it is a question if in the house of a private tutor there is not all the evil without any of the good of a school. Where there is one boy there are all the possibilities of evil without the check of public opinion. Nor must the loss of *esprit de corps* be forgotten, and of the feeling of relationship with the great men with whose memory the circumstances of our earlier life are associated. The importance of this may, indeed, easily be exaggerated. We do not suppose that portraits of distinguished predecessors exercise any very measurable influence over the diligence of a boy, or that Harrow or Eton are made poetical nurseries by the tradition of Byron and Shelley. Only a few peculiar temperaments are strongly affected; but an indefinable feeling influences the spirit of all, and connects them with a historical past. Lastly, if all other defects were made up, the absence of competition would of itself be enough to make private education markedly inferior to a school. There are many other minor points of inferiority, such as the want of that element of hardship, which is supposed to be so good for the mind and morals of youth. But these may be passed over and set against the imperfections of school-systems. The badness of much of the raw material of tutors, the difficulty of selection, the absence of division of labour, of general discipline, of public opinion, of *esprit de corps*, and of competition, are enough to condemn the whole system.

No doubt if a perfect private tutor could be found, there would be much to be said for employing him regardless of expense. But admirable Crichtons exist no longer in an age of division of labour, and if they did they would find some more profitable employment than teaching. The private pupil is probably in no way superior to the schoolboy, and he is certainly in some ways inferior. He may have taken a polish of a superior brilliancy, but it is not so serviceable as that which is got by rubbing against equals in the microcosm of school. Perhaps the system of private tutors is free from objection only in the case of boys who are mentally or morally much below the average. There can be no objection to their finding a private asylum under a milder name.

#### THE READERSHIP OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

THE cause of legal education in this country has recently sustained an almost irreparable loss. Mr. Maine's appointment to be Legal member of Council at Calcutta necessitated of course the immediate abandonment of the professional services which he has for some years past rendered with such conspicuous ability to the students of the Inns of Court. The Benchers of the Middle Temple might well be inclined to despair of finding any successor capable of maintaining the prestige which his profound learning and brilliant talents had secured for the chair which he was about to quit. Mr. Maine's success was of all the more importance because it was decisive of a controversy which embraced the whole range of legal training. The law is considered a learned profession, yet, strangely enough, there exists a strong party of lawyers ready to advocate the claims of ignorance. There are gentlemen to be found who consider all education, but the common-place routine of a pleader of chambers, to be worse than superfluous. To have any knowledge of other systems than their own, to understand the relation of English law to that of foreign countries, or past ages; to grasp the general principles which underlie all legislation, and which explain the machinery of every branch of jurisprudence, all this they consider mere waste of time for pupils who have to learn the niceties of pleading, the elegant phraseology of the Statutes at Large, or the august mysteries of Judge's Chambers. The study of Roman law accordingly they consign to the curiosity of antiquarians, and the diligence of philosophers. If a youth has the laws of procedure, a few recent decisions, and the last batch of "Rules and Orders" at his fingers' ends, they consider that he is much better equipped for the battle than if he had been puzzling over Puffendorf or Justinian. Every attempt to make such studies compulsory is resisted as unnecessary, absurd, and tyrannical. What possible connection is there, it is asked, between the decrees of a Roman emperor and the convictions of a British jury? On the other hand, those who take a more liberal view of the profession insist on the grievance of English lawyers knowing less about their art than the corresponding set of men in any other civilized community. Not only is their ignorance a bar to intercourse with the publicists of other nations, but it tends (so reason the advocates of learning) to degrade a noble profession into little more than the acquirement and practice of a series of unmeaning technicalities. The history of law is as wide as the history of civilization, and its provisions can be properly understood and calculated only by the man whose habits of thought enable him to look at them from a distance and from more than a single point of view. If our system is to be treated as a scientific whole, if legal knowledge is to mean something else than the mere unthinking retention of a list of cases, if there is to be any intelligence and consistency in the ordinances of our statute-book and the decisions of our courts, it is essential that the men to whose hands the matter is committed, and who are occupied with its daily administration, should be exercised in a larger curriculum than the limited range of any single town or country. It would be impossible to find a better example than Mr. Maine's lectures of the sort of light which wide reading and careful reflection may be made to throw upon the subject, and of the intense interest with which the comparison of other systems and the discovery of remote analogies will invest those portions of our legal machinery, which a less scrutinizing eye and a less well-informed mind would have passed over as completely worthless and uninteresting. Intelligent law-students were delighted to find that, amid the confusions, contradictions, and uncertainties on which so much of their diligence was expended, there was yet behind all a clear light, a firm standing ground, and a reasonable explanation. Even persons unconnected with the profession gladly availed themselves of the rare opportunity of hearing a subject, so often monopolized by pedants, treated in a really liberal and philosophical manner. The elegance of Mr. Maine's language, the agreeable delivery, the constant play of thought, the scholarlike copiousness of allusion, possessed an almost fascinating attractiveness for those who had just exchanged the refined studies of the university for the rudiments of law, and were undergoing the first labours of that stern apprenticeship which guards the portals of the profession. They escaped from common forms and pleaders, precedents and the dreary entanglements of conflicting decisions, to hear the principles of law explained, its gradual development followed out, and each particular application illustrated, with all the vigour and lucidity of original thought, deep research, and varied learning. The Hall of the Middle Temple was crowded, and an audience as critical and difficult to please as could well be found attested by its very presence the possibility of a view of law which should be at once practical and scientific, and which should meet the requirements as well of the pupil still wandering at random amid the earliest



rudiments of an unknown branch of learning, as of the practised lawyer, laudably desirous of understanding the principles upon which his art is based, and of tracing from their earliest origin the growth of institutions which he is daily called upon to enforce or exemplify.

Such being the requirements of the post, and such the manner in which those requirements have hitherto been met, it is, of course, vitally important that the new appointment should be such as to encourage the hope that advantages so thoroughly appreciated will still continue to be within the reach of intelligent and thoughtful law-students. A taste has been given, a habit formed, a line of thought and study suggested, and since this is so eminently commendable, the promoters of legal education would of course be on the alert to develop so hopeful a beginning into a permanent gain. They would look around them for the man most capable of following up Mr. Maine's instructions, and of keeping alive the interest which he has created. The object of their choice would doubtless be a person of wide reading, literary habits, and speculative ability. His language and delivery must be such as will prove attractive to a highly educated and fastidious audience. He must be a thoroughly good scholar, or he will be unable to consult the authorities which he will have to explain, or to illustrate from classical authors the various topics upon which he will necessarily touch. He should be able to write with the grace, accuracy, and vigour which long practice can alone bestow. Above everything, he must have given years of study to the subject which he professes to expound, and should be prepared to make it his chief business in life to add to the information already acquired, and to push forward to their necessary results those abstruse speculations, to which undivided attention and uninterrupted study can alone do justice. Such a man in such a situation would, it might reasonably be hoped, in course of time produce a work like that of Mr. Maine, which should be a real accession to our knowledge, and a lasting honour to the literature of the time. Men of this stamp are indeed difficult to find, but in the present instance the post is so honourable and the reward so important, that several candidates, of high reputation and distinguished ability, at once proposed themselves to the electors. The electors have had every opportunity of arriving at the truth, and their decision accordingly must not be lightly impugned. But the selection of a gentleman so little known as Dr. Sharpe has naturally excited surprise, distrust, and suspicion. The successful candidate upon such occasions can generally appeal either to academical distinctions, or literary performances, or general reputation, to justify the decision which promotes him to a responsible post. Dr. Sharpe's achievements at the university, while they prove nothing against him, are not such as, in the judgment of any person acquainted with the subject, would be held to raise the faintest presumption of his fitness for the task which he has now undertaken. To what literary work, to what general reputation will his supporters appeal? Will they invite us to the Sheriff's or Lord Mayor's Court, where the new lecturer on Jurisprudence and Civil Law has, we understand, made his principal experiments in a form of oratory more calculated to edify a London petty jury than to instruct an audience of educated gentlemen? Will they assert that Dr. Sharpe has any special scientific acquaintance with the great range of topics now committed to his charge? Can it be true that his ignorance of at least one of the classical languages which most nearly concern his subject is such as to render it impossible for him to ground his reflections upon the original authorities? His qualifications, unknown to the public, must be great indeed, for the men to whom he has been preferred are such as any one might reasonably dread as competitors. Mr. Sandars, Mr. Abdy, and Mr. Cookson, have, each of them, cogent claims. We do not presume to institute a comparison, but we say that, unless Dr. Sharpe is grossly belied by common reputation, his appointment is nothing short of an insult to all three.

To speak of the first alone, Mr. Sandars is one of the very few Englishmen who have subordinated professional success to the scientific study of a special subject. His translation of Justinian is the principal text-book to which the attention of law students, both in the Inns of Court and at the University, is directed; on various occasions he has occupied Mr. Maine's Chair, and occupied it without any detriment to his audience; his powers as a teacher are attested by a crowd of pupils, who find out quickly enough the ablest and most agreeable instructor. His familiarity with the civil law is not the result of desultory reading or superficial "cram," but the steady growth of years of patient labour. Those who know him best would least have grudged him the honour of succeeding Mr. Maine, and would have looked most hopefully to the continued prosperity of the branch of education to which Mr. Maine's success has given such especial prominence. Mr. Abdy's professorship at Cambridge, and Mr. Cookson's Oxford reputation, might in the same way have been regarded as guaranteeing that the duties of the lectureship would be well and thoroughly discharged. For the present lecturer no such guarantee exists, and we can only hope against hope. If half that rumour asserts be true, the study of civil law and jurisprudence among our law students may be considered as having come to a close. Any man of average ability can, with a few months of preparation lecture on such subjects with sufficient adroitness to avoid palpable mistakes, and to preserve himself from the imputation of actual ignorance. But no man, who has not gone deeply into them, who has not made some branch of them his own by assiduous research, by diligent comparison, by earnest thought, can hope to lecture about them in a manner which will be in any way interesting to intelligent hearers. The difference, if difficult to explain, is easy enough to perceive, and the law students will speedily

decide whether a genuine article is proffered for their acceptance, or a mere farrago of undigested information.

In the latter case a blow will have been struck at the cause of legal education, the results of which it would be difficult to overrate; the chair, adorned by the names of Austin and Maine, will have been disgraced by an unworthy occupant, and a job will have been perpetrated of which everybody connected with it, from the Lord Chancellor downwards, will have reason to be heartily ashamed.

#### THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

It is one of the most happy characteristics of enthusiasm that its intensity depends very little upon the practical importance of the issue at stake. The scene which Lord's Cricket Ground presented last Friday and Saturday affords good proof of the fact. English emotion must be far more elastic than is usually supposed if eight thousand ladies and gentlemen will stand or sit uncomfortably, for some hours together, to watch thirteen boys at play, and cheer themselves hoarse at the sight of any special exploit. It is almost amusing to observe the way in which society provides party-spirit ready made, as it were, for its votaries. Men will come down and tremble with excitement hour after hour while the innings of their school is going on, who, when boys themselves, neither cared for the school itself, nor were distinguished in its games, nor left any record of their virtues and attainments behind them. Ladies will dress in dark or light blue, and sit the whole day in their carriages in patient stupefaction, because a cousin of theirs receives his education at the same seminary as the eleven young gentlemen whose colours they are bound to wear. They are told that they are to hope for the success of one side, and they hope for it accordingly. They identify themselves, almost with magic quickness, with the struggling champions; the idea of the battle generates the sympathies with one or other army; and the sympathy generally expresses itself in fervent hopes that there may be plenty of hard hitting. But even if one of the cheering boys were asked to explain, accurately, the reason for his passionate excitement, he probably would fail to give it. Party-spirit is as subtle in its origin as it is mighty in its effect; and even the House of Commons, on a question of confidence, has no such eagerness of party-spirit to show as the benches that surround the field when a public school-match is played.

It is not for the sake of the spectators, however, that these matches are played. When for a brief period they had been discontinued, it was not with a view of supplying amusement to old pupils and fair cousins that they were established again in their glory. It was felt that such a display is useful in itself to the players, and that it gives the sanction of public applause to an occupation which has already many intrinsic advantages. We do not intend to urge once more the favourite topic of the age, that manly exercises are wholesome to soul and body; but such an occasion as the "Lord's match" displays some particular benefits of this one game from a very striking point of view. The chief thing which a stranger would notice in the game, is the dignity with which it is conducted. At an age when the spirits are highest, and the sense of decorum is but in its earliest stage, these boys force themselves to bear the extremes of hope and fear, the rapture of triumph and the pang of disappointment, with the stoic calm of middle age. Among the applauding thousands who surround them, they alone must be collected and self-controlled. Order and discipline may be enforced, with more or less success, in the hours of work; but nowhere do they receive so willing and complete a service as on the field of play. The hope of his eleven walks to the wicket, imploring fate to take ten years of his life if she will only grant him a good eye and a steady hand for half an hour; and his wicket falls, it may be, at the first or second ball. Not one word or sign of disappointment or impatience must escape him. Steadily, and with unmoved countenance, he must turn at once to the pavilion, and walk back amid the shouts of his enemies, and hide his bitter sorrow in his heart. A bowler bowls the best wicket of the opposite side; he must look as if he was but just aware that the stumps were down, and had been accustomed to that kind of thing every day of his life. Next to the dignity shown is the responsibility. Again and again a lazy and weary fielder rouses himself anew into an attitude of attention and constraint, from a sense that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that if he did miss a catch from inattention, he could not hope to survive the shame. The captain commands as one whose acts will be canvassed by no indulgent public; the side obey as no party in Parliament ever yet obeyed a Minister. And with dignity and discipline comes fortitude. Last Saturday a batsman on whom the sinking fortunes of his school mainly depended, was violently struck by a swift ball in the face. He turned aside in pain for a moment, and only for a moment. When the bowler was ready to deliver the next ball, he was ready to receive it. May it be given us, in the course of years, if but for once in our lives, for some great thought or glorious deed, to win such a burst of applause and admiration as that which greeted the cricketer of seventeen!

Those who take an interest in the records of public school matches will be aware that for some years the victory in these annual contests has rested uniformly with Harrow. In 1850 Eton won, under Mr. Norman's captaincy; and since then fortune has relentlessly opposed Eton. For several years Harrow produced a series of bowlers against whom it was impossible for young batsmen to contend with any hope of success. In 1859, Harrow won easily, for the last time, thanks to the pace and excellence of Mr. Lang's



bowling. In 1860 the match was drawn; and, though neither side was sure of victory, the light blue were for the most part the favourites in the field. Last year Eton brought an eleven to Lord's far superior in reality to that of Harrow; and yet it so happened that, by a combination of good play and good luck, Harrow won the first innings, and seemed not unlikely, if the game had been finished, to have won the match as well. This year both sides made great efforts to secure victory. At Eton a new bowler was discovered early in the season, and one new bat distinguished himself by mighty leg-hits and drives. At Harrow it seemed as if wickets could not be taken, so steady was the play for the first month, and so sure the "defence" of the best men. At one and the same time came news to Harrow that Teape's bowling was a miracle of straightness and "spin," and to Eton that two of their adversaries had just made 140 before they were parted. The first important test of Eton play was in their match at Winchester, in which, after a gallant attempt of the smaller school to bear up against an overwhelming superiority in their first innings, Eton barely held their own. The excitement towards the end of the day must have been as great as that of 1835, when each school of the three won one match by one wicket, and of 1858, when the last Winchester wicket was making the runs, and seven "maidens" were bowled by Eton at "tie."

In this year's match Eton won by their fielding; their batting was good, their bowling only moderate. They had hitherto been depending upon slow bowling for the most part; it was not till a week before their appearance in London that they resolved to depend mainly on the fast, which was improving rapidly. The only anxiety about their batting rested on the difference of the nature of the ground at Lord's and in the playing-fields. This latter fear was quieted by a few days' practice at the cavalry barracks at Windsor, where they found themselves well able to defend a wicket, in spite of a more lively turf. Meanwhile at Harrow the prospects were chequered. A new bowler was sorely wanted, and the choice rested finally on a left-handed "colt," who bowled chiefly, and with some success, for catches. The fielding throughout the season had been indifferent; the batting was good, with two or three exceptions. At the last moment, illness came to spoil the brightness of rising hope. One of the eleven was prevented from appearing at Lord's, and the best bowler only did so after passing the previous day in bed. At last Friday, the 11th of June, long expected, came.

We must leave a detailed narration of the events of the day to the columns of those journals to whose special province they belong. All that we shall offer here will be some remarks on the most striking phases of the game, and one or two observations on its merits. It was a match in which the alternations of success and defeat were unusually marked. Eton won the toss, and chose the innings—a choice which, considering the circumstances of weather and ground, we find it hard to agree with. Harrow seemed at first likely to have it all their own way. Mr. Burnett's bowling was excellent; and eight wickets were down for 54 runs, though the last two increased the score considerably. Harrow went in full of hope; but older players declared solemnly that the ground had seldom been so hard to get runs upon as now. The event of the match, *par excellence*, was the bowling of Mr. Teape during this innings. It was surprising even to those who had seen him during the season; and it was not to be wondered at that wickets went down before it in rapid succession. Only one batsman made a stand; and Harrow were left early in the afternoon in a minority of 40 on the first innings. So far all had been for Eton. They had batted well, and bowled better than their antagonists; on the other hand, the Harrow fielding, contrary to expectation, was extremely good.

Next innings the chances of war began again to vary. A good catch, and two fine pieces of fielding, lose three Eton wickets for twenty runs. Cleasby is out, and Lubbock; and the dark-blue rejoices once more. It is over soon; a few more "overs" and it is evident that the Eton men have their eye in. Burnett cannot bowl for weakness; the captain, whose name has for generations been used at Eton to frighten small boys to sleep with, bowls loosely, and is shockingly hit about; Frederick plays well and steadily, and drives to "the off" in a way that it does light-blue old gentlemen good to see.

Next morning, when Harrow go in to make up the runs or perish, the number to be made up is close on two hundred. It is hardly necessary to say now that Harrow failed; but those who did not see Saturday's play can have little idea how gallant an attempt they made to succeed. Mr. Maitland's innings was a fine piece of cricket throughout. The Eton bowling was not quite so straight as before, the ground being slippery with the rain; but certainly the best bowler of the first innings did not expect to be hit to "square leg" into a carriage close by the racquet-court; or the next best to have his fastest balls driven forward for six. Changes were tried at each end; and whatever change was tried, threes and fours followed without intermission. At last, when two of the best bats had been caught at "long-stop," and a third at "long leg," and when the only one of the eleven who made a decided stand was bowled, the hero grew reckless, gave two chances to the field which they missed—the latter through carelessness,—and finally was caught by the bowler. He carried out his bat for 73, and Eton won by 54 runs.

The result is to be attributed in the first place to the fine bowling of Mr. Teape, and in the second to the illness of Mr. Burnett. It seemed to us that the match was not lost till six o'clock on Friday; and if Harrow had had one more bowler, they might have won. As it was, we question

whether some change might not have been tried with advantage against Mr. Frederick, as it was tried with great success towards the end of the first innings. It seems hardly to be sufficiently recognised now, that the first and most essential element of good bowling is straightness. When one of the great bowlers of the present day appeared at Lord's, a well-known veteran was observed walking meditatively round the ground. "I want," he said, "to see this young fellow they talk about so much." He came round behind the wickets, watched for three or four minutes, and then delivered his judgment. "No!" he said,—“No! two balls straight out of six. That ain't mediocrity.” Old Lillywhite's verdict may have been severe; but captains of cricket elevens would do well to think more of it than they do. The Harrow batting was, of course, unequal; but on the whole it wanted power. We saw but three of their eleven who seemed able to hit a loose ball. Several were apparently well-taught, and played in good form; but leg-balls were let off, off balls were not "punished" with spirit, and only the first-rate play of the best of their number redeemed the credit of the rest. At their fielding we were agreeably surprised, and, with the exception of the latter part of the second innings, it was better than that of Eton. As regards the play of the latter, the state in which the eleven were brought up to Lord's reflects great credit on their captain. They were very ably handled, the field was excellently placed, and, what was still more conspicuous, the bowling was managed with consummate tact. In Mr. Teape Eton certainly had a bowler of considerable powers, and one who may hope some day to be of use to an Oxford eleven. We doubt whether their batting was in as good form as that of the best Harrovians, but it was more sustained throughout. In conclusion, we have only to say that this year's match was well fought and worthily gained; and we hope that the coming years may bring many more such struggles to brace the limbs and rouse the energies of the sons of England. The boys who won, or nearly won, the fame for Harrow and Eton will probably never again in the rest of their lives pass a day of so unmixed delight. It is well that it should be one to which they can look back with the remembrance of having done their best for the glory of their schools even more than for their own.

#### LORD ELCHO ON PHYSICAL TRAINING.

LORD ELCHO can scarcely have been surprised that the House of Commons should decline to discuss a proposition so vague, rash, and ill-considered, as that to which he invited attention the other night. He seems, indeed, to have felt that some apology was due for the careless wording of his resolution and the somewhat frail arguments which he adduced in its support, and excused himself, as during the Wimbledon meeting he certainly might do with good reason, on the score of a multiplicity of more pressing engagements. But his hearers very naturally felt that the hobby-horse which the noble lord was inviting them to mount was likely to carry them a great deal farther than was compatible with prudence, order, or economy. As Mr. Lowe pointed out, the very figures which the mover of the resolution supplied were enough to justify its summary rejection. Of the million children who fall within the range of the Privy Council regulations, one-half, it was calculated, would get the benefit of the machinery which Lord Elcho is anxious to set in motion, and which he triumphantly shows could be worked at the cost of a penny a-week for each child. Five hundred thousand pence a-week, however, is far too serious a sum to be inflicted, by a casual resolution, on the rate-payers of the country, or (to use the felicitous expression of the mover), "whoever else may have to pay it." Something like another third would be added to the education vote, for the exclusive promotion of an object certainly not more important than several others, which every rational plan of education ought to comprehend. Mr. Lowe, with perfect justice, objected that, if the vote were increased by a penny per child per week for any one branch of education, Parliament would be logically bound to grant an additional penny for every other branch which the fashion of the day or the zealous patronage of particular individuals happened to bring before its notice. The sight of Mr. Tufnell's successful experiment in the London Union School had, however, translated Lord Elcho into a region of thought, where the calculations of the financier, and the stern necessity of parliamentary compliance, are conveniently obscured by philanthropic achievements and sentimental visions of possible amelioration. To be drilled—so seems to run the noble mover's creed—is to be good, happy, and prosperous. To teach little pauper children to swarm up a mast-head, or to form themselves into a hollow square, is to give them all that is necessary for orderly habits, cheerful temperament, and a comfortable livelihood. Unruliness, insubordination, and every form of impropriety, retreat discomfited before the drill-sergeant's *bâton*, and training up a child in the way he should go means, in the mouth of this military enthusiast, nothing more than initiating him into the mystery of "fours deep," or teaching him to move in obedience to the shrill mandates of an imaginary boatswain's whistle. Such exaggerations refute themselves; but most people probably would, within certain obvious limitations, admit the advantage of making some sort of drill a part of the educational curriculum in every Government school. It is pleasant, healthy, and, in a gentle way, exciting; it teaches a boy to move with precision, promptitude, and activity; it is the best antidote for slovenly tricks of body; and the improvement effected in a country clod-hopper by a few weeks of goose-step seems almost to prove that it is no bad discipline for the mind. To be on the alert to obey orders,



and to obey them with military exactness, must, no doubt, be extremely wholesome for children whose homes are too often mere bear-gardens of riot and confusion, and whose only notion of subordination has been the terror of a tipsy father's fist, or the florid Billingsgate of a rhetorical mother. Lord Elcho's mistake was not as to the object in view, but as to the means by which he proposed to secure it. He distrusts the voluntary system at the very point where it is least likely to break down. Volunteering has been for the last few years, and still continues to be, the favourite crotchet of the middle classes of England. If it has been possible to organize corps all over the kingdom, it would be surely easy enough, without a parliamentary resolution, for people interested in the matter to carry their improvements into our schools and workhouses. A very little good management, and a really insignificant outlay, would effect all that would be wanted in the way of military teaching. Any clergyman or schoolmaster of spirit would be glad to forward a scheme by which teachers and taught would benefit alike. The acknowledged tedium of long school hours would be relieved by a break, which would send all parties back to their labour more willing and more able to discharge it efficiently. Every village corps at present contains plenty of men who are, or who in a few weeks might make themselves, excellent military instructors, and whose services might, without any inconvenience, be called into play. And there is no reason why the knowledge of drill should not form part of a certificated teacher's accomplishments, or why the Government Inspectors should not only ascertain the children's attainments in mental arithmetic or Biblical geography, but should be instructed to see them "march past," and report on the degree of precision with which they skirmished and charged. On the other hand, it is bad policy to elevate a subsidiary branch of education into one of primary importance. Children go to school to learn to read, write, and calculate, and though other accomplishments may be added to the list, these must always remain the main topics of interest with those to whose hands the management of schools is committed. No doubt if the children in Government schools were taught to dance, or draw, or to practise any handicraft with nicety, they would, as Lord Elcho suggests, obtain situations of a superior kind, and with greater facility than they can without these requirements. But the plain objection is that the nation is not prepared to concede to them these advantages gratuitously, and that we think we are doing a great deal for our paupers in giving them as much as they at present enjoy. At present Government gives a certain amount of aid under particular limitations, and ascertains the fulfilment of its conditions by criteria of its own selection. Any departure from this principle would throw the whole machinery into confusion, and involve an indefinite expenditure of public money. It would, as Mr. Lowe insisted, "impose upon the Government the duty of paying the managers for having the children taught anything which it might be deemed useful that they should learn. There might be a capitation grant, for instance, for instruction given in music, or in shoe-making, or in any other branch of trade." The result would, of course, be the addition to the grant of as many weekly pence as there happened to be fashionable schemes in the country, and courageous members of Parliament to suggest and defend them.

The evil, however, with which Lord Elcho's resolution was meant to deal is no imaginary one. Our school-rooms and school arrangements have too often, there is reason to know, offended against the laws of health. The hours of continuous study have sometimes been needlessly and cruelly long. Children, ill-fortified in the first instance against dangers of the kind, have been condemned to live all day in an atmosphere which even strong men could not breathe with impunity. With regard to the pupil teachers especially, several reliable witnesses assured the Education Commissioners that the amount of work exacted of them, and the conditions under which it had to be performed, were such as frequently to impair the constitution, if not to induce immediate acute disease. School-masters and mistresses must, unless their lives are to be a misery to themselves and their pupils, be persons of equable temperament, cheerfulness, and composure. These are precisely the qualities which a teacher overworked into nervousness and irritability is the least likely to bring to bear upon his task; and if we forfeit them, we seem to pay too high a price for any degree of intellectual proficiency. One danger of erecting a competitive standard is that, in the eager pursuit of success, the powers both of mind and body are sometimes overtasked, and that ambition and excitement make men reckless of the consequences of neglected health. It is for those who regulate the system to guard against a danger which it necessitates, certainly not to aggravate its effects by imposing a heavier burthen than the ordinary energies of mankind can support with impunity. It would be difficult, probably, to say to what length the evil has gone, but the testimony of more than one sensible physician obliges us to believe that the machinery of the present régime often presses with distressing severity upon the powers of those who fall within its operations, and that if much information is imparted in our schools, the seeds of much subsequent infirmity are frequently sown at the same time. Such remedies as improved ventilation, occasional respites from work, and healthy regulations as to food, clothing, and exercise, seem too obvious to be insisted upon, did not the pertinacious stupidity of mankind as to sanitary matters justify the reiteration of counsels which, however familiar, are resolutely neglected in the most obvious particulars. Lord Elcho's motion will not have been without its result, if it oblige the managers of schools to remember that nature is never outraged without exacting a terrible revenge, and that for the happiness of individuals no less than the advantage of the community at large, it is quite

as desirable that children should be robust, vigorous, and hardy, as that they should be trained to tastes which they will never have the means of gratifying, and furnished with knowledge which they may have neither the opportunity nor the physical power of turning to any good account.

#### THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

TRAVELLERS and Alpine men who intend to carry instruments of any description ought to be aware of the arrangements of this most useful institution, where, for a nominal charge, their instruments can be scrupulously tested, a statement made of their corrections, and a certificate furnished of their general merits. Whatever thermometer, telescope, or opera-glass; whatever barometer, aneroid, sextant, or compass, a traveller may set his heart upon, if he desires to be certain of its excellence, he should purchase *subject to its being approved on examination at Kew*; leaving it to the maker to take the trouble of forwarding the instrument and obtaining the certificate. If, on the other hand, the traveller possesses an instrument, and desires to ascertain its reliability, he has simply to put himself into communication with the "Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, Richmond, S.W."

Most dabbles in science have heard vaguely of this highly meritorious establishment, but comparatively few are aware how immediately its resources are available for their own benefit; and therefore at this season of the year, when a large section of the London world are thinking of outfits, a few remarks on its whereabouts, and history, and operations, will not be out of place. It is wholly supported by voluntary contributions, since it is maintained by a yearly grant of £500 from the funds of the British Association, and is supervised by an active honorary committee of men eminent in science: notable among whom are General Sabine, the President of the Royal Society, and Mr. Gassiot, the well-known electrician. It stands in a vast field called the Old Deer Park, bounded on one side by the Thames, and on another by the private grounds at Kew, and is entered through a farm-yard, five minutes' walk from the Richmond, *not the Kew*, station. The whole is Crown property, let to a farmer for a grazing ground, and the field is itself a sight, as being perhaps the amplest meadow in England. It is often like some imaginary pastoral scene, owing to the droves of cattle of all sorts which are turned in to roam and refresh their carcasses on its luxuriant grasses, and among its park-like trees. Jaded cab-horses are sent there in numbers to prepare them for final efforts on the London Macadam, and the attempts to recapture them when their short holiday is over bring to mind scenes of an Australian stockman's life. It is by no means so easy to catch a creature who wishes to escape, in a virtually boundless plain, as it is in an enclosed field with corners to embarrass his retreat. Here stands the Observatory; a painful historical interest is attached to its foundation, for the building was erected as a diversion for poor George III., when the fancies of a disordered brain began to press upon him. It is here that he is reported to have stood by the hour, fancying himself an astronomical clock, and endeavouring to behave as a good clock should, by ejaculating ticks with careful regularity.

The observatory has evidently been constructed like a king's plaything, regardless of expense, for it is based on a wide underground structure of brick vaults, which betray their existence on the outside by protruding a wide mound not unlike a natural cairn, from which the small observatory takes its rise. We may confidently reckon that little astronomy was done there in the poor old King's time, but a busier era has since dawned upon it. It is now many years since General Sabine, and others of scientific note, felt the urgent want of an establishment where philosophical instruments might be proved; where men about to start on scientific missions might practise beforehand with the instruments they intended to take; and, lastly, where a first-rate workman might reside with his appliances to repair and alter the instruments when required. All this and much more is fully done, and the establishment is worked almost to its utmost. Its regular work is devoted to making and reducing magnetical and other observations, and to teaching magnetical observers, who arrive for that purpose from many quarters. A complete set of complex and delicate instruments required for these important investigations, which promise to reveal much of the constitution of the mass of the earth and solar influences, is always maintained in readiness for immediate shipment. They stand, wooden house and all, in perfect working order, the result of tedious months' labour, ready, in a day, to be unscrewed and packed off to Hobart Town, or Java, or Coimbra, or wherever else may be the observatory from which application is made to receive them. Specimens of part of these stand in the nave of the Crystal Palace, a little to the west of the Armstrong guns, and opposite the porcelain courts. There are also rows of marine barometers, always on hand, to be tested by comparison with a magnificent standard instrument. Thermometers are constantly arriving, and batches of them are compared from time to time by plunging them in a large vessel of hot water along with a standard thermometer, and, after taking precautions to ensure a uniformity of temperature throughout the vessel by reading off the instruments at frequent intervals. The charge for testing these instruments is one shilling, and for that trifling sum, and in this easy way, the errors at half a dozen points on their scales are accurately determined and furnished to their owners. The result of this is that an ordinary instrument is promoted almost to the worth of a standard thermometer. As for aneroids, or other instruments for measuring heights,



they can be put under an air-pump by the side of a standard barometer and compared under all pressures, and through every range of possible temperature, with the greatest facility. The latest addition to the Observatory are means for testing sextants. Few sailors suspect the serious diversity of these instruments, or the trash that is sometimes sold with high finish and pretentious appearance, and at a corresponding cost.

The objects of buyers and sellers of instruments, as of everything else, are necessarily different. The immediate aim of the buyer is good quality, and that of the seller is good price. In most matters the buyers can form an approximately fair estimate of the quality of what they purchase, and a constant demand for good quality, backed by a steady refusal of bad, will ensure its supply. But philosophical instruments belong to a peculiar class, and their buyers are unprotected from fraud. In order to test them properly, practised viewers must be applied to, and paraphernalia which only exist in an observatory are for the most part necessary. Again, few persons buy a succession of instruments, and few, therefore, are able to avail themselves of bitter experience; for these things are costly and durable, and when a man has made his selection, it is like making the selection of a watch or a wife—he has been guided mainly by its face, but must abide his choice through weal or woe. Oh that there were another observatory to do for persons intending to marry what Kew does so excellently for parents about to buy a sextant for their midshipman son,—to be a reliable *amicus curiæ*—to criticise with the strict but kindly eye of a genial old stager the flaws of character, physique, and intellect of bachelors and spinsters! Such an examination should leave the beauty of the face, like the polished brass-work of the instrument, to advertise its own merits, while it brought its powerful eye-lens and strong illumination to bear on the springs and screws and regulators of the individual body and mind, which no love-smitten youth or money-dazzled parent is impartial enough to scrutinize and appreciate, even if he had skill to conduct the examination. Perhaps the time may be when the Social Science Association shall burn to take the hint from the British, and shall create a Kew of its own for the encouragement of judicious and not flashy education, and for the protection of youth who are unwary in the ways of guile.

#### MEN OF MARK.—No. XLIX.

##### MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

It happens to us again, on this occasion, as it did last week, to select for the subject of our personal sketch one whose merits have just been attested by the civic magistracy of London with an entertainment specially provided to do him honour. And if Mr. Peabody were merely the guest, and not also the benefactor of this great city, it might perhaps have been worth noticing, as an example of the catholic and comprehensive spirit in which all kinds of excellence are recognized among us, that those sumptuous tables in the Mansion House of our Lord Mayor, which were laid but the other day for a festal welcome to the Viceroy of Egypt, are again spread almost immediately for a plain American merchant, whose more than princely munificence deserves the highest testimonies of public esteem. The enlightened Moslem ruler, whose rank and powers are but less than those of a king, has had our praises for his useful reforms;

“But all our praises why should kings engross?  
Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross!”

That Monmouthshire squire, who did such a deal of good to the poor folks and lipping babes of his parish, with an income of £500 a year, has been embalmed for posthumous memory in the fragrance of imperishable verse; but it is probable that, in his life-time, the fame of his benevolence had not procured him any tokens of social distinction or popular applause. It cannot be so, however, with the donor of £150,000 to relieve the conspicuous misery of the mightiest metropolis in the world. Mr. Peabody, as little as the most retiring of local philanthropists, would seek those imposing demonstrations of personal regard by way of a recompense for deeds fitly rewarded by “the soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.” But he would find it impossible, without prematurely quitting the scene, to escape from such public acknowledgments; while to refuse them might have appeared somewhat ungracious, and to shrink out of their way might have betokened “an awkward shame,” a forced and self-conscious humility, alien to the noble mind. It has, doubtless, also occurred to him that this signal celebration of his recent gift may happily serve to cement international friendship between England and America, which have alternately claimed his residence and shared his magnificent bounty. Without, however, speculating farther on the moral or political value of his example, which, for three or four months past, has been the theme of abundant comment, it is our pleasing task to relate a few incidents of the modesty and consistency of Mr. Peabody’s earlier career, which his vast liberality has brought to a splendid consummation.

In the first place, we may claim him as an Englishman; for he is a true New Englander; and certainly it is not for two centuries of transatlantic removal, with less than one century of national separation, that we shall deny kindred with the unmixed offspring of those Puritans in Old England who stood up with Hampden, Cromwell, and Milton, for our common inheritance of faith and freedom. We learn, indeed, from the very interesting history of New England by Mr. Palfrey, that in the easternmost states of North America there is a population, which numbers about three millions, purely composed of the direct descendants of those who emigrated from easily recognized districts of our own country within a period of about twenty-five years preceding our Civil War. This race, therefore, differs from the population of New York as well as from that of every other part of the Union, since it has kept itself singularly distinct, occupying the territory of its original settlement, neither moving westward in any large masses, nor admitting any large infusion of heterogeneous elements from the more recent immigrations.

Mr. Peabody is one of a race whose origin is so marked, that most of the respectable New England families are able to point out in the map of Old England the identical town or village whence their progenitors, exiled for the sake of religious liberty, set forth two hundred years ago. We are then justified in seeking to trace Mr. Peabody’s ancestry home to some familiar place in our neighbourhood. And there is no difficulty in making it out. His family, then called *Pabody*, had long before the Puritan Exodus removed from Northamptonshire to the ancient borough of St. Alban’s, in Hertfordshire, scarce twenty miles distant from this city. It was in 1635 that his parent in the sixth generation, young Francis Pabody, of St. Alban’s, trudged away from his home in that town, and embarked with a sober, godly company on board some ship, belonging most likely to the association of which Hampden, Vane, Pym, Lord Saye and Sele were directors, bravely bound to cross the comfortless ocean to the bleak and rocky shore of Massachusetts Bay. He must have been the right sort of man for a colonist, as we find him in 1657 a thriving settler at Topsfield, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, where he built the first mill that was seen in the place. He married Mistress Mary Foster, had fourteen children by her, and died in 1698, leaving a good landed estate fairly divided among his six sons. The Peabodys, all descended from this Puritan patriarch of the seventeenth century, are rather numerous all over New England. Several of them bore arms in the War of Independence, for which we can owe them no ill-will. Others, we perceive in old catalogues of American printed books, have written and preached in advocacy of peace, temperance, and human brotherhood. But our concern is with George Peabody, by whose generosity their name is truly ennobled.

He was born on the 18th of February, 1795, at Danvers, a small country town in the State of Massachusetts. He was the son of a poor man, and from earliest boyhood was taught to depend on his own exertions. When but eleven years of age, he was apprenticed to Mr. Sylvester Proctor, who kept a grocery store in the same town. This worthy tradesman was a good master, who trained up the lad in the way he should go; and many years after, when he was an old man, and when George Peabody had gone ahead in the race of life, as they chanced to meet again on a public occasion, the elder was gratified with a becoming token of George Peabody’s remembrance and regard. It was only, indeed, about four years of his youth that he spent in the grocery store at Danvers; and at the age of fifteen he left that situation, desirous to learn the practice of business on a larger scale. The time, however, was unpropitious for his getting into a merchant’s warehouse; it was about the time when a threatened war of America with Great Britain, in addition to the great war that was raging throughout the continent of Europe, with the operation of non-intercourse laws, British Orders in Council, Napoleonic Berlin decrees, and vexatious embargoes in almost every port, seemed to paralyze all the operations of commerce. Young Peabody determined to wait a little while, and spent a year quietly, in study, exercise, and self-preparation, with his grandfather, Mr. Dodge, of Thetford, in the State of Vermont. But in the spring of 1811, he decided to become clerk to his brother David, who had just opened a dry-goods store,—that is, a drapery, linen-drapery, and haberdashery shop in the town of Newburyport, in his native State. An uncle of theirs, John Peabody, called the “General,” probably in virtue of some local militia rank, had for years been doing a prosperous business at Newburyport, but had gone down in the common wreck of those bad times. The two young men had scarcely started in their enterprise, when they were overwhelmed by a local calamity. A great fire broke out in the town, and consuming a large part of its best houses and of its busiest shops, involved many of the inhabitants in ruin. The premises and stock of David Peabody were totally destroyed. His brother was obliged to turn for employment elsewhere. Their father died about this time, leaving their mother and sisters in need of help. As soon as George Peabody was able, which was not until some years afterwards, he charged himself with their entire support, practising in the meantime a laudable self-denial, that he might increase their scanty comforts. He never married.

It happened, however, that uncle John had just determined to retrieve his shattered fortunes by establishing himself at Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, where he began afresh in May, 1812. As he had undergone a previous bankruptcy, it was deemed prudent that his new business should be conducted in a partner’s name. “General Peabody” therefore invited his nephew George to join him, and the management was really entrusted, in a great degree, to the care and judgment of this youth of seventeen.

An interesting episode in George Peabody’s life is here to be mentioned. When the British fleet came up the Chesapeake, and landed troops to attack the Federal capital, he joined a volunteer company of artillery formed at Georgetown, under the command of Colonel George Peter, and did some active duty in the garrison of Fort Warburton, which commands the river way to Washington. Those deplorable hostilities, which on both sides would now be very willingly forgotten, seem to have left upon his mind a sincere desire to prevent any future recurrence of war, or even of unfriendly feeling, between the old mother-country and the daughter States. We must not, however, anticipate his subsequent career.

For two years only did he remain in his uncle’s service, faithful and assiduous, though with little prospect of remuneration. He retired from it because he had reason to apprehend that he might, in his peculiar position, be made liable for claims and engagements incurred without his agency. But the capacity for business which he already displayed had attracted the notice of one of his neighbours, Mr. Elisha Riggs, who was scarcely aware, it is said, that the manly presence, the steady conduct, and the mature mind of this young tradesman belonged to one not yet out of his teens. Mr. Riggs, believing him to be some years older than he actually was, invited him to become the managing partner in a “dry-goods” concern, for which Mr. Riggs would furnish the capital; and he did not withdraw this offer on being undeceived about Peabody’s age. That arrangement laid the foundation for Mr. Peabody’s success in life.

The new firm, which had commenced at Georgetown, was removed next year to Baltimore. It was there carried on chiefly by Mr. Peabody’s arduous exertions during fifteen years. He performed not only the supervision and direction of the house, but the still more troublesome office of collector abroad. For weeks together he would travel on horseback through the wildest regions of Virginia and Maryland, sometimes in the most inclement seasons of the year. The business thrived and waxed more



extensive under his diligent and skilful conduct. In 1822 it established branches at Philadelphia and New York. In 1829 Mr. Elisha Riggs retired from it, leaving Mr. Peabody at its head. This was a high mercantile position to have been gained before the period of middle life by one who had not a dollar at his command when he began. In his reply last week to the congratulations of our City Chamberlain, Mr. Peabody himself alluded to the circumstances of his youth, in a tone of heartfelt sincerity and frankness, when he said:—

"It would be unnatural, indeed, were I now to exclude from my regard any portion of those with whom my early disadvantages ought to place me in perpetual relations of sympathy and goodwill. I have never forgotten, and never can forget, the great privations of my early years; and to encourage and stimulate the youth of this great city and country who have no reliance except on their own characters and exertions to raise themselves in society, allow me to say that there are few persons among them whose opportunities for a prosperous life are not better than were my own at their age."

No further comment need be made upon such an example as this.

Mr. Peabody's later career is that of an influential and respected man of business, who has enjoyed, we believe, almost unvarying commercial success. His first visit to Europe was in 1836, for the purpose of buying goods; but, in 1837, he took up his abode in London. Retiring, in 1843, from the dry goods retail business in America, he devoted himself to that of a merchant and American banker in Old Broad-street, City. His dealings, like those of the Rothschilds and the Barings, include a variety of monetary operations, such as bill-discounting, granting loans on substantial securities, purchasing stocks, effecting investments, and holding deposits, which are sufficient to constitute what is called a banker's business in America, though it would not strictly take that name amongst ourselves. The magnitude of his transactions may, perhaps, fall short of one or two other great houses of the same class; but in respectability, and in its enjoyment of the public confidence, the house of George Peabody & Co. is second to none.

Mr. Peabody's skill and authority as a financier had rendered important service to the State of Maryland not long before he left it to reside over here. In 1835 he was, under an Act of the Maryland Assembly, appointed one of three commissioners to negotiate a loan for that State. This object he succeeded in effecting, and then declined the compensation for his services which was offered him. When the reputation of all American securities was impaired by the reckless conduct of some defaulting or repudiating States, and by the temporary inability of others to meet their engagements, Mr. Peabody set the example of supporting, with a large immediate sacrifice, the tottering fabric of public credit, so far as his own State of Maryland was concerned. His resolution to do so was afterwards fully justified by the State bonds recovering a firm position. But his efforts to sustain the credit of that State were acknowledged in 1848 by an express vote of thanks passed in the Legislative Assembly. It was communicated to him by Governor Thomas, who said in his letter on this occasion:—

"Instances of such devotion on the part of a citizen to the public welfare are of rare occurrence, and merit the highest distinctions which a commonwealth can bestow. To one whose actions are the result of impulses so noble and self-sacrificing, next to the approval of his own conscience, no homage can be more acceptable than the meed of a people's gratitude; no recompense so grateful as the assurance of a complete realisation of those objects whose attainment has been regarded as of higher value than mere personal convenience or pecuniary consideration."

The Great Exhibition of 1851 gave Mr. Peabody another opportunity of upholding by his personal liberality the character of his native land. A large space had been demanded and allotted for the display of specimens of art and manufactures from the United States; and a shipload of various articles, collected and despatched hither by the Federal Government, had actually arrived; but, by some oversight or in some fit of parsimony, Congress had neglected to appropriate any funds for the expense of bringing them to the Crystal Palace, and fitting up the American Court for their proper reception and display. Compared with the tastefully adorned and richly furnished compartments of the several European nations, the bare spaces which had been assigned to America, presenting nothing except a few samples of Indian-rubber goloshes or iron axe-heads, and one or two daguerreotype stalls, gave a most unfavourable view of the industrial and artistic genius of the United States. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the American division on the opening day; and not a few sneers or serious censures were bestowed upon the Americans for making so unworthy a figure in that competitive exhibition of the world's creative skill. It was Mr. Peabody who then redeemed the good name of his fellow-countrymen by promptly supplying the sum of 15,000 dollars, requisite to defray the cost of furnishing the American compartment, and of placing their contributions in orderly and handsome array. In that year of international amenities he did another thing which deserves to be held in especial remembrance. There was an immense concourse of American visitors to London. Their anniversary dinner on the 4th of July, to celebrate the Declaration of Independence, had on some former occasions been made an opportunity for expressing unfriendly sentiments towards Old England, and it even happened once that a person officially connected with the American Legation refused to drink the health of our Queen. Mr. Peabody, who had protested against these incivilities whenever they had occurred, now hit upon the good idea of commemorating the 4th of July with a sumptuous entertainment, which he gave, at Willis's Rooms, to a mixed company of many hundreds of his countrymen and our own, invited "to meet the American Minister and Mrs. Abbot Lawrence." The Duke of Wellington and one or two of our Cabinet Ministers, besides not a few of the aristocracy, as well as the civic and commercial magnates, were present at this superb festivity, overlooked by the portraits of Washington at one end, and of Her Majesty at the other end of the brilliantly crowded rooms. Since that time, we believe, there has been a gratifying improvement in the tone of American speakers at the 4th of July dinners, in every town of Great Britain where they are held; and nothing is said there which the ears of British loyalty would be offended to hear.

In recording Mr. Peabody's good deeds, we must now look once more to his native town in Massachusetts, which was the first to be benefited with a public donation by him. The 16th of June, 1852, was, it may be said, the

birth-day of the town—the centenary of her corporate existence. Invitations had been sent forth to all her sons—the long-absent and the far-distant,—requesting them to come and join in celebrating her hundredth anniversary. Among the responses there was a letter from London. Mr. Peabody wrote to say that his heart would be present with the company of his fellow-townsmen on that day, though he could not cross the water to sit at their festive meeting. He sent them, however, in a sealed envelope, which was not to be opened until his name should be called upon at the dinner-table—a sentiment which he meant to propose. Curiosity was on the alert to guess what this paper might contain. The procession, the sermon, the orations, the militia parade, the concert of music, and the dinner passed by. The president, in due course, summoned Mr. Peabody, in his turn, with other absent citizens, to respond to the appeal of local patriotism. The seal of his enclosure was then broken, and his sentiment read as follows:—"Education, a debt due from the present to future generations. In acknowledgment of the payment of that debt by the generation which preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give the inhabitants of that town the sum of 20,000 dollars for the promotion of knowledge and morality among them." The sentiment, thus practically endorsed, was received with great applause. Mr. Peabody, by subsequent donations, has increased this Danvers gift to about 100,000 dollars, and the "Peabody Institute," with its library and lectures, is a fair monument of his liberality in the town where he was born. Nor is this all; but since, by a legislative enactment, the town has recently been divided, Mr. Peabody has given a large sum to endow North Danvers with an institution of its own.

The part that Mr. Peabody generously undertook, nine or ten years ago, in providing means for the equipment of Mr. Henry Grinnell's vessel, the *Advance*, which was lent for an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, has never been generally understood. The fact is that when Mr. Grinnell offered the use of his vessel, application was made to Congress for a grant of money to fit her out for that philanthropic service, and Mr. Peabody no sooner heard of it than he wrote to New York, offering to find the money if Congress should decline to do so. Time ran on; Congress did nothing in the matter, and it was by Mr. Peabody's assistance, a year or so afterwards, that the voyage of Dr. Elisha Kane was performed. That gallant discoverer of new Arctic shores and seas took care to inscribe the patron's name on the map of this region of the globe. Peabody Bay will be found there, directly opposite to Grinnell Land; and it is probable that many voyagers hereafter may be reminded by that name of the noble charity just now inaugurated in London, as they sail through those scenes of eternal desolation.

In 1856 Mr. Peabody revisited his native land. The fame of his liberality and public spirit had been diffused in the chief cities of America by all those who had enjoyed, when they came to London, his open hospitality,—who had joined his American dinner-parties at the Crystal Palace, or had found his place of business in Old Broad-street a convenient and agreeable resort. Deputations from New York and Boston, therefore, met him upon his arrival, inviting him to receive public demonstrations of welcome, which would have been imitated by other towns, converting his progress through the country into a series of ovations. These, however, he declined. At Danvers only did he consent to receive, on the 9th of October in that year, an enthusiastic expression of the gratitude and affection of his fellow-townsmen. Everything was done by triumphal arches, flags, inscriptions, and wreaths of flowers, to beautify the streets, usually so quiet, of that town, which seemed to have turned itself inside out for joy at his return; and seventeen hundred children, who attended the ceremonies that morning, wore Mr. Peabody's portrait pinned to their frocks, or hung from their necks. A minute narrative of these proceedings, with a sketch of the Peabody Institute, has been printed, forming a volume of two hundred pages. It includes a report of the speeches of Mr. Edward Everett, Governor Gardner, Professor Walker, and other distinguished men of Massachusetts, who spoke at the banquet spread between a huge marquee, after the formalities of the day were done. They show that a beneficent millionaire, if not a prophet, may sometimes have honour in his own country. A few months later Mr. Peabody visited Baltimore, the city where he began his prosperous career. His welcome there, as may be supposed, was exceedingly cordial. An intention he had long cherished of doing for Baltimore, on a scale proportioned to the amount of her population, what he had already done for the small town of Danvers, was now fulfilled. He at once bestowed 300,000 dollars, and has since given 200,000 dollars more, to establish in the capital of Maryland an institution, which has not yet been inaugurated, because of the deplorable strife and confusion that now prevails throughout the Union. It will comprise an extensive free library, the periodical delivery of literary and scientific lectures, annual prizes for the graduates and pupils of the public schools, an Academy of Music, a Gallery of Art, and accommodation for the Maryland Historical Society, under whose perpetual management the whole is placed, with twenty-five trustees named by the founder. He enjoined upon them, "that the institution shall never be made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, to political dissension, to infidelity, or to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy, aiming at the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country, or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another; but that it shall be so conducted as to teach political and religious charity, toleration, and beneficence, and prove itself to be in all contingencies the true friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law."

Mr. Peabody has not been in America since 1857. We sincerely trust that when he a second time revisits his native country, he will find peace restored, liberty and prosperity undiminished, neither Maryland nor Massachusetts in a worse condition than he saw them last. In the mean time, we are happy still to have him among us. The admirable instance of his bounty, announced by his letter of the 12th of March last, is quite of a piece, as we have here shown, with his previous acts of beneficence. What he has given, at one stroke of the pen, "to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor resident in London," without distinction of birth, politics, or religion, is a sum which about equals the total amount of his donations for the public benefit in America. Having expressed, at the time when his gift



was notified, the feelings with which it must be received, we have only now to join our voice with that of the City Corporation, and of all the company in the Egyptian Hall last week assembled to do him honour.

## Reviews of Books.

### ITALY UNDER VICTOR EMMANUEL.\*

COUNT ARRIVABENE possesses very unusual advantages for the task of describing Italian matters to an English audience. His birth and early life enable him to speak with the familiarity, and to feel with the deep earnestness of a man who is dealing, as it were, with the matters of his own household. On the other hand, his English training, and complete acquaintance with several branches of English literature, preserve him from the mistakes of taste and judgment into which those who address a foreign audience are so liable to fall. As a newspaper correspondent, he acquired the difficult art of catching precisely those points of a story which are picturesque, interesting, and effective. He knows exactly what amount of diligence and enthusiasm he can count upon in his readers, and he takes care at proper intervals to relieve the labour of attention by a judicious infusion of entertaining gossip. The events with which the present volumes are concerned were described so well at the time by himself and his fellow-labourers, and have been subsequently handled by so many literary excursionists, that any further recital might seem almost superfluous. Count Arrivabene, however, remembers that a great party throughout the Continent, and even in England, watches the growth of Italian liberties with distrust and annoyance, and is always ready to put the men and the circumstances connected with it in an unfavourable light; he resolved accordingly to put on record, in the most authentic manner possible, the series of events to which the present position of the kingdom is attributable, and about which he is for the most part able to speak with all the authority of an eye-witness.

From the outbreak of the Sardinian war to the retreat of Francis II. from behind the bastions of Gaeta, he traces the gradual development of the one idea which, under different forms, was germinating in the brain alike of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Since the disasters of Novara, Italian patriotism had enlarged its scope and appreciated the necessities of the position. Unification was an idea for which every class of politicians was prepared to swamp minor distinctions. The petty despotisms, which find their champion and chief mourner in Lord Normanby; a sovereign, decrepit indeed, but none the less difficult to move, enthroned at the Vatican; Milan and Venice groaning under an Austrian army of occupation, Naples sinking deeper daily under an enervating tyranny—such was the Italy, which, from the beginning of the campaign, the far-sighted policy of a great statesman had determined to weld into a single state, and to add to the community of free nations. "Italy, under Victor Emmanuel," was, as the author suggests, less the description of an existing reality than the expression of a hope, which all reasonable men had come to perceive was the only remedy for the intolerable evils of the times. Hardly anything is more remarkable than the persistency with which the whole nation has clung ever since to this idea, and the small degree in which the dreams of sentimental theorists, or the disappointments incidental to all realization, have shaken the belief, or damped the allegiance, of any portion of the Italians. Few political lessons have been more painfully learnt, and few, when learnt, have been turned to more account, or carried out more resolutely into action. Victor Emmanuel may not be the darling of his subjects, but the idea which he personifies is one in which every thinking man in the Peninsula knows that the salvation of his country is involved, and in comparison with which no sacrifice that its development may necessitate deserves a moment's consideration.

Count Arrivabene joined the allied armies shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, in the spring of 1859. He was well furnished with introductions, and as the armies advanced across Lombardy he began to find himself among villages where he had played as a child, convents where his own relations were holding office, and country houses in which his name at once secured him a hearty welcome. His uncle's residence was but a few miles from the battle-field of Solferino, and as his mother was living at Mantua, his chances of meeting her once more depended largely on the fortunes of the campaign. Accordingly he shared to the fullest extent in the bitter disappointment which his nation experienced at the events of Villafranca. No part of his work is more feelingly written than that which depicts the sudden check given to hopes which were running so high, and on which till that moment Fortune had seemed so consistently to smile. And as his mother, a lady sixty-five years of age, was within two months arrested and thrown into a common gaol, for having attended a funeral mass for some Liberals who fell at San Martino, he had personal reason to feel that the performance had indeed fallen short of the programme announced, and that an "Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" was still little more than a dream of happiness too fair for actual realization.

This sort of interest gives, of course, a vividness to the descriptions, and a reality to the sentiments with which Count Arrivabene's volumes abound. During the battle of Magenta he was galloping about the country between Novara and the Buffalora Bridge, following anxiously each turn in the day's fortunes, and he spent the night at the imperial head-quarters at San Martino. There is a good sketch of the battle-field. "Trees thrown down by the dreadful effects of the artillery; heaps of dead bodies in all directions; human limbs scattered about, together with carcasses of animals and military accoutrements, artillery, and commissariat carriages, painted with the Austrian yellow and black stripes, broken and lying by the road side, or amidst the field of corn and maize; farm-houses burnt, crops trampled down, vineyards devastated, houses plundered, the custom-house and station here and there pierced by the round-shot of the contending armies, their walls riddled by the black marks of the musketry, ambulances everywhere established in the open fields or half-destroyed cottages, the churches, the houses, the porticos, filled with the wounded, the dead, and dying—such were the harrowing sights that met me at every turn." Light up the scene with the flames of bivouac fires and the pale starlight of

a cloudless Italian sky, imagine the shouts of the camp, the galloping of messengers, the constant roll of wheels, the screams of wounded men, the crash of military bands,—and it becomes easy to understand the profound impression which the author tells us that day left upon his mind. But the picturesque effect is not allowed to interfere with the historical accuracy of the narrative. All the manoeuvres of each battle are elaborately described, and are so well illustrated by maps as to be completely intelligible. This campaign was curious as being the first specimen of the sort of warfare which modern invention will for the future render possible, and therefore necessary. It was fought with railroads, telegraphs, and giant artillery. Vast masses of men were summoned from one spot to another, hurried up by the train, and arranged over wide tracts of country with a rapidity that Austrian generalship seemed to the last incapable of understanding. It is almost difficult to take in at a single glance all the complicated details that go to make up such a battle as Solferino, and Count Arrivabene has done well, we think, to describe the combat that was raging simultaneously at San Martino under a distinct heading. Both that and the dashing movements of Garibaldi in the Valtellina are vigorously sketched; and if the French army, with steam and electricity at its command, exhibits, as it were, the triumph of artistic warfare, the Cacciatori delle Alpi, hovering on the mountain's side, and effecting a raid here or there before their adversaries suspected their neighbourhood, may be looked upon as the realization of the most primeval and picturesque order of fighting. The same may be said of the wonderful march through Calabria, which forms the chief topic of Count Arrivabene's second volume. No enterprise, so completely in defiance of all military science, has probably ever resulted in such brilliant success. It admits of one explanation, and one only. A thousand brave men, accustomed to danger, with a trusty leader and an exciting cause, are more than a match for any number of heartless cowards, with whom selfishness is the ruling principle of action, and who cannot even be shamed into decent manliness. "Why," said an officer, in one of the recent encounters with the brigands, to a National Guardsman, "why, you are afraid." "Ebbene," was the calm reply, "è vero." An army of such fellows fled of course like chaff before the wind, when they were called from the safe duties of the policeman and executioner to confront the sturdy band of Lombards and Hungarians who knew what real fighting was, and who were resolved to repeat in Calabria the experiment which had answered so well in the Valtellina.

Count Arrivabene's acquaintance with the inner structure of Italian society enables him to throw much light upon a subject with which no foreigner could ever hope to become familiar. He gives a curious account of the aristocracy of Milan, Florence, and Naples, the first the most liberal of any in the Peninsula, the last a mere set of ignorant, unprincipled, quarrelsome braggarts. Duels from the most frivolous causes are matters of frequent occurrence; such superstitions as the belief in the evil eye extend to the very highest classes, and the doctrine that *noblesse oblige* is not held to bind the Neapolitan gentleman to courage, self-sacrifice, or even veracity. The common accounts of popular degradation seem to be hardly an exaggeration of the reality; a large portion of the peasantry take to brigandage when work falls short, just as easily as English labourers take to poaching. It is natural enough that a few daring reactionists, abetted by the priests, should be able to keep alive, amid such a population as this, the flame of resistance to the new régime, and to convince a few hundred ignorant lads that a congenial act of lawlessness is a meritorious act of loyalty to their exiled king. Order, however, is being gradually established, and improvements, though slowly, are making way. Count Arrivabene gives an amusing account of a catastrophe which was brought about in an infant-school established by an English lady near the Chiaja, by a disregard of national prejudices. Everything had been going on prosperously, excellent mistresses had been secured, children arrived in numbers, and the parents were demonstrative in their gratitude. At last, for sanitary reasons, it was thought well to cut the children's hair; the operation was performed, the children went home, and no more was thought of the matter. The next morning a host of women burst, like raging furies, into the school-room, shouting and screaming and assaulting the mistresses. The police were called in and an explanation demanded. "We do not want our children trampled on," said the first rioter. "To cut the hair of my Maria when the May moon is over!" shouted another. "To wash my Agnese!" ejaculated a third. "O San Gennaro, what infamy!" The directors, we may imagine, resolved for the future to confine themselves to the intellectual embellishment of their little charges. The Neapolitans are, however, extremely quick of perception, and are beginning to understand the advantages of good administration. The absolute necessity of sequestrating a certain amount of Church property, and of cutting down the overgrown ecclesiastical corporations, has, of course, given deep offence in certain quarters, and confirmed the devotion of the priesthood to the departed régime.

The task of merging that capital city in another kingdom is one which requires the utmost delicacy, and which no Government could hope, under the most favourable circumstances, to achieve without occasional failures. At the very threshold, too, of the new kingdom stands the Roman difficulty, apparently as far as ever from solution. Victor Emmanuel, we may be certain, wears no easy crown. Catholic feeling all over the world owes him a grudge for successes earned, in one sense, at the expense of religion; and, but for the good sense and tact of his subjects, tested now on so many trying occasions, we might almost despair of a satisfactory compromise between hopes, fears, and interests so widely conflicting as those which at present are the mainsprings of political action at Turin, Venice, and Rome.

### GRAVENHURST.\*

GRAVENHURST is a volume of moral discussions, which contains amongst other remarkable sentiments the assertion that a man may bring matters "to this pass, that the use of his existence is just to be hanged for an example." There probably may be some men of whom this is true. There are certainly many such books, and "Gravenhurst" itself is one of them. Some years ago its author wrote a book of much the same kind, called "Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions." A page of advertisements at the end of the present

\* Italy under Victor Emmanuel. A Personal Narrative. By Count Charles Arrivabene. Hurst & Blackett, 1862.

\* Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil. By William Smith, author of "Thorndale," &c. Blackwood, 1862.



volume enumerates the compliments which it received from various critics. One respectable authority observes, "The subjects treated of and the style, always chaste and beautiful, often attractively quaint, in which they are clothed, will not fail to secure the attention of the class for whom the work is avowedly written." Another observes that "The tone is at once eminently religious and eminently philosophical, . . . its every syllable shows it to be the production of a thoroughly earnest man, and that man a Christian gentleman." Finally, a third authority remarks that "Though not peculiarly original, it contains a great deal that is original, and sufficient to show the shaping, disposing, and suggesting powers of a creative mind." To any experienced reader the evidence of these witnesses is quite enough. Every one knows what a reviewer means, who, being himself feeble and good-natured, describes the subject of his criticism as a Christian gentleman, eminently suggestive and original enough for all practical purposes. This is the regularly constituted way of describing that amiable nonsense which, in the world of speculation, answers to the talk of Hotspur's fop,—

"He was perfumed like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box . . . and still he smiled and talked.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He questioned me. . . . He made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds."

Like all such books, "Gravenhurst" bears the proof of its constitutional weakness in its frame-work. Ill-made books are like ill-made men. The disproportion of the parts strikes the eye before the touch shows the flabbiness of the muscles. "Gravenhurst" begins with an introduction of fifty-seven pages, in which the author, had he been disposed, might have said all that he had to say three times over. Then follow sixty-four other pages, divided into five chapters, in which he does say all that he has to say. These are succeeded by 232 other pages divided into six conversations, in which he mumbles and ruminates what he had said before. The volume constitutes, as the first sentence of the introduction rightly observes, a "somewhat irregular essay on a very old subject," written, he might have added, in a lackadaisical style, which, when it is at its best, recalls the faults of Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council."

The book is a little collection of feeble optimist conversations, the whole of which may be reduced to desultory criticisms on various objections to two propositions stated in the introduction in the following words:—"Our world of nature and of man is one great scheme, and what we most lament in human life, as well as what most astonishes us amongst physical phenomena, is a consequence of some general law essential to the whole." "Hardly a plainer indication could be given that joy, not grief, is the purpose of our world (I presume we may speak of the world having a purpose), than this wide diffusion of the sentiment of beauty."

In the five chapters which follow the introduction Mr. Smith points out, in his own proper person, that pain and disease play an important part in life, and produce, incidentally, some advantages. He adds that it is idle to object to the specific quantity of pain and distress which exists, after admitting, in general terms, the necessity of its existence. He observes that moral evil is the correlative of moral good, and that the one could not exist without the other, and God is the author of it, as being the author of the good which causes it. This is more tersely expressed in the well-known line, "God made the devil and the devil made sin." He adds, that the fact that human society becomes progressively happier is consistent with the fact that each generation has its own happiness. Lastly, even death, which is admitted to be an irremediable evil, gives life much of its tenderness and interest. The six conversations which follow the five chapters as the trumpets in the Apocalyptic vision follow the seals, potter over a variety of subjects, such as "The Inequality of Happiness," "Suffering as an Element in our highest Forms of Mental Life," "The Development of Human Society inseparable from Strife and Contest," and are conducted by three interlocutors, Sandford (the author), General Mansfield, and his niece, Ada; to whom is occasionally added the vicar of the parish. These worthy people imitate the Miltonic devils as well as the powers of their author will permit. Ada sits apart on a camp-stool retired, and argues high, to the effect that "It is a curious thing to reflect upon, this individuality and personality. Being the product of my past life, I am prepared to live the present." Every one, "the current of whose life has not been violently broken, has been fitted by the past for the present." She "finds great comfort in this wide generalization." Sandford says that he does too, and so ought the gentleman who has every reason to expect that he will be hanged at eight and damned at nine, unless, indeed, he falls under the exception as to those of whose life the current has been violently broken. Ada, the author in petticoats, General Mansfield, the author in uniform, and Sandford, the author pure and very simple, enjoy admirable opportunities of paying each other graceful compliments. The author naturally likes himself best in petticoats. Ada writes poems, which a man very much in love might bring himself to admire if his mistress were very pretty and very gracious. Sandford treasures them up in his heart, and repeats them to Ada, to show what an impression they have made on him. By this ingenious arrangement the author not only insinuates that his verses are pretty, but gets an excuse for paying them direct compliments. So, again, Ada makes a speech about religion and love, which fills upwards of three pages. Mr. Smith, as Mansfield, benignantly rewards his own exertions. He looks on his creation and approves it. "Very good, my dear and eloquent Ada," says the enthusiastic Mansfield. It is strange that people will not take the trouble to see that the introduction of imaginary characters only adds an additional difficulty to their task, and a difficulty which nothing short of dramatic genius can overcome. Such writers seem to think that they can enliven dreary essays by puerile dramatic machinery. They might as well suppose that a man who could not walk up Mont Blanc might do better if he tried to dance up it. A dialogue like the Church Catechism, or Hobbes's Controversy between a Lawyer and a Philosopher, may sometimes be a convenient form of instruction or controversy, but this can be the case only where the author is prepared to put what he has to say into the shape of a string of propositions, or objections and answers. One of the reasons why conversation is instructive and delightful, is that it answers

a different set of purposes from reading; but though this is an excellent reason why people should talk as well as read, it is also a reason why books should not be thrown into the shape of conversations.

In substance Mr. Smith's book is no more than a set of illustrations of a *petitio principii*. He starts with the supposition that the world was created by a wise and benevolent Deity, whose providence extends over all its affairs; and he points out, as he contends, many considerations which explain apparent inconsistencies between this belief and the actual state of the world. Every page of the book suggests the questions,—to whom do you address yourself? Do you assume that your readers infer the existence of a wise and benevolent Deity from the state of the world, or do you assume that they are assured of it by some other means, such as revelation or an innate belief, which is an ultimate fact? In the second case your arguments are superfluous, and in the first they are worthless. A man who believes in God's infinite wisdom and goodness otherwise than as an inference from the facts which he sees around him, will say of the various evils of life, "I trust in God's goodness, and since he has seen fit to ordain or permit this state of things I submit to it." But if he has any reason at all he must feel that the reasons why things are so ordained or permitted are inscrutable, and that guessing at them is a useless, irritating, and not very reverent process. Indeed, the solution which the guesses suggest is often aggravating to the last degree. It is bad enough to have to bear a spine complaint, which converts life into one long scene of torture; but to be informed that your spine complaint teaches your wife to control her violent temper, is adding insult to injury. So long as I am left to the general reflection that God may have wise and good reasons for giving me pain I am comforted; but when the reasons are suggested I begin to criticize their value, and to ask whether my wife might not have learnt how to behave herself on cheaper terms.

If, on the other hand, belief in God and God's goodness are mere inferences from the state of the world, the whole argument is solemn trifling. I am dissatisfied and unhappy, and you tell me that I am wrong because the matters of which I complain are forms of goodness. On further examination I discover that by the word "goodness" you mean merely that which is. If when we assert the goodness of God, we mean no more than that he made the world as it is, the proposition that he is good is a barren proposition. It might as well be called badness or indifference, for turn and twist it as you will, it all comes to this, that the world is the world. Suppose a man does not happen to like it, how can you show that he is wrong by telling him that it must be good, when the word "good" means no more than that it is what the person who dislikes it knew it to be all along? If we submit to the evils of life on the strength of our confidence in the goodness of God, no reasoning will help our faith except that which goes to prove the goodness of God from other sources than the state of the world. If we know nothing of God's goodness except what we learn from the state of the world, belief in that goodness carries us no further than belief that the world is what it is, and in that case the view which we take of it is a matter of taste.

#### CAPPER'S PORT AND TRADE OF LONDON.\*

THE author of this book tells us, in his preface, that it owes its origin to the wants of his own experience. Mr. Capper is the manager of the Victoria Dock Company, and in that capacity he has often felt the need of a book which would give him an account of the trade of the metropolis, with the different cities and countries of the world. From the facts which he has been compelled, by the necessities of his position, to collect, such a work has been gradually formed, and he now presents it to the world, in the hope that his labours may lighten those of others in similar situations. A book of this kind makes no pretence to literary excellence, and Mr. Capper deprecates criticism, on the plea that he has written under the pressure of business and that this is "the first effort of an unpractised pen." The book, however, shows no symptom of being a maiden effort; on the contrary, it betrays, if anything, the fatal facility which betokens an attentive reader of newspapers; but the main questions are, of course, whether it is honestly done,—are the facts carefully collected and clearly set forth?—and on these points we are happy to be able to give, on the whole, satisfactory answers.

Mr. Capper's title is, to some extent, a misnomer, as the greater part of the book refers to England almost, if not quite, as much as to London. It may be divided into three parts, of which the first and third belong equally to the kingdom and the capital; the first is a sketch of the history of our trade; the second is devoted to the port and shipping of London; and the third examines, in detail, the foreign, colonial, and coasting trades as they now exist. The early history of trade is a subject sufficiently obscure to tax the powers of the most careful antiquary, nor do many antiquaries care to devote their attention to such base mechanical uses; the subject has, however, been forced on them by the prominence it necessarily occupies in any literature which reflects actual life, and by the mass of records in the Exchequer attesting the inveterate prejudices of our ancestors against the introduction of foreign products. Mr. Capper's facts are not of course the results of original investigation, but he has made judicious use of the materials others have collected; we may trace in his pages the gradual rise of our commerce in spite of the repeated checks and interruptions of war; the attempts, sometimes successful, but happily oftener not, to force trade through the least profitable channels; the growth of the livery companies and free cities which served probably to turn the scale in favour of the White Rose, and which certainly, at a later date, furnished both men and money to the armies of the Commonwealth. The livery companies are now of little more than antiquarian and social interest: they serve as clubs and political centres within the City; they preserve, as the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington shows, specimens of the art of the Moyen Age and the Renaissance; and, in one or two cases, they keep up in the very heart of the capital gardens where one may turn aside from the bustle and dust of business to see waters playing, flowers blooming, and even fruit ripening: if, with scarcely an exception, they now do nothing, they do it kindly, and almost gracefully; but it is evident that, at the time of their foundation, they had higher uses. They were then voluntary associations of trades, which the law recognised rather than created; their main object was self-help; the foolish

\* The Port and Trade of London. By Charles Capper, Manager of the Victoria (London) Docks. Pp. 507. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.



rules which they enacted were not oppressive, as they simply expressed the opinions of all, and no one wished to act in opposition to them. The reign of the third Edward, when eight of the twelve great companies were incorporated, is perhaps the first time that England appears as a distinctly commercial country. In spite of the poverty which his wars produced in the latter part of his reign, his alliance with Flanders immensely developed the resources of the country; the export of our staple product, wool, was largely increased, and we received in exchange the manufactures of Brabant and Flanders. Readers of Chaucer will remember that, though the shipman of Dertemouthe traded, as a West-country sailor probably would, with Bordeaux, there are many more traces of intercourse with the Low Countries: the cloths of Ipses and Ghent, the "Flaundrish bever hat" of the Wife of Bath, the Pardoner's tale, are a few witnesses to this trade; whilst, in the Lyckpenny of Lydgate, the author is assailed in good Flemish, in Westminster Hall, with cries of "What will he 'kopen'?" This trade seems to be one of those which have perished through political interference: it existed, with little modification, up to the time of the Reformation; but the severance of the United Provinces from those which remained faithful to the old faith was the first step to the destruction of an intercourse which the closing of the Scheldt consummated. Our Government is at this moment endeavouring to restore to life a trade which has appeared dead for nearly three centuries. The abolition of the Scheldt dues seems a fitting complement to the redemption of the Sound dues and the Stade dues which the last five years have seen accomplished.

The regulations which legislators have made from age to age are curious records in the history of human error. It is possible that many of the early impediments to the free exchange of the commodities of different nations were but temporary expedients of a state of war; but they very soon became, if they were not at first, the expressions of the wish of kings and councils to divert trade from its natural channels. Such regulations were, however, due as much to the wishes of the people as to the interference of kings. An unhappy Genoese who sought, in 1379, to obtain the king's permission to make Southampton a storehouse for the treasures of the East, alleging, amongst other things, that he could reduce the price of pepper to 4d. per pound, was found murdered in the streets of London for his pains. The Parliament of Edward IV., on the complaint of the male and female artificers of the City, prohibited the importation of nearly seventy different kinds of articles; and if the attempt to fix the maximum rate of wages is attributable to the rich, the legislation against the conversion of arable into pasture lands is, on the other hand, due to the complaints of the poor. It may be doubted whether the succeeding centuries did not become yet more embarrassed in their notions on trade. The extravagances of the mercantile theory, which sought to draw to the nation a continuous supply of the precious metals, and was ready, for the possession of them, to sacrifice all other commodities, seem farther removed from reason than the simple errors of preceding generations. It is easy to comprehend the aversion with which a change of industry was regarded. The men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries viewed the conversion of arable into pasture land with a dislike precisely similar to that with which men in our own day look on the change of character of a county from agricultural to manufacturing; they are actuated by an attachment to the old forms of life, and fear lest they may become dependent on the continuance of the good-will of their neighbours; but it is hard to understand how a nation could persuade itself that it gained by drawing the money of the world into a heap and then preventing its use in exportation. Gold is certainly powerful, but as certainly its power is only in exchange; yet we must confess that for two centuries the miser's passion was dominant in our councils. Our language still bears traces of this error; in the book before us we find the phrase "the balance of trade" often recurring in a suspicious manner; we read, in the time of Henry II., "the imports amounted to but an inconsiderable sum in comparison with the exports. Hence the balance of trade was in favour of England, which led to the abundance of silver noticed by Henry of Huntingdon." And again, the author notices, apparently with concern, that our trade with Russia is against England in the proportion of sixteen millions to five and a half. This reminds us of the ridiculous outcry made by the press at the commencement of the Russian war. It was pointed out that our exports to Turkey were often double the value of our imports, whilst in the case of Russia the balance was always the other way, and the conclusion was drawn that we were trading at a loss with Russia, and at a gain with Turkey.

Mr. Capper naturally devotes considerable space to an account of the docks of London, but his book is defective in giving no comparison between the City and the other ports of the empire. In the matter of docks, no one can have visited Liverpool without being struck by its immense superiority to London, and the trade both there and at Glasgow seems destined to outstrip the trade of the metropolis. In the chapter on the port we meet with the following extract, to which recent events give a renewed interest:—"The Commissioners [appointed after the Great Fire] also proposed plans for carrying into effect a clause of the Rebuilding Act, which provided that there should be a quay forty feet broad, on the north side of the Thames, from London-bridge to the Temple, to be used as a public and open wharf. It did not, however, suit the views of parties interested, that this open space and public wharf should be provided; and this part of the Commissioners' certificate was, therefore, never carried into effect."

The details which Mr. Capper gives of the several international trades are always interesting, and often amusing. He tells us that in the very hot summer of 1859 we imported from Norway 31,470 tons of ice, of the computed value of £1 per ton; but in the cool summer of 1860 the importation fell to 13,718 tons. What the consumption of the summer of 1862 may be cannot of course be foretold, but we may guess that it will even fall below that of 1860. The annual consumption of ice in the United States, on the other hand, is estimated at little less than 300,000 tons; besides which, in the year 1854, 156,540 tons were exported from Boston alone, a large part of which goes to the East and West Indies. The climate of the States explains to some extent the disproportion between the consumption of ice there and amongst ourselves, but the taste for cooling drinks and the trade in ice are rapidly being developed on this side of the Atlantic.

Addison has an interesting paper in the "Spectator" on the way in which all the countries of the globe are put under contribution to supply our needs. The houses we inhabit, the food we consume, the garments we wear, require

for their production the spoils of every clime. A recent economist has said that, could an ordinary skilled artisan be constantly supported and kept at work, it would take ten centuries for his unaided labour to provide what he requires for a single breakfast. The time is of course inappreciable, but the proportion serves to exhibit the gain arising from the division of labour in a way more surprising than Adam Smith's well-known illustration from the making of pins. Readers of Mr. Capper will have brought to their recollection, or may even learn for the first time, how commerce binds nations together in bonds of mutual help,

"Mixing the seasons and the golden hours,  
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,  
And all men work in noble brotherhood,  
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,  
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,  
And gathering all the fruits of peace, and crown'd with all her flowers."

*La nation boutique* should welcome the laureate's ode as a vindication of its position from the scorn which the appellation sought to attach to it.

One branch of the trade of London Mr. Capper has altogether failed to notice, although its study would certainly reward attention. We mean the trade in the strength and intellect of the provinces. He would, however, have to enter upon the subject with little aid from others, for no Custom-house has yet attempted to furnish statistics of this importation, nor would the Registrar-General himself prove of much assistance. Year after year, from the counties of England, and from the sister kingdoms, an army of young men march into London; they invade the professions, but to a still greater extent they occupy the counting-houses, the warehouses, and the offices of the city. Bringing with them, as they generally do, the inherited strength of a long line of country ancestry, they possess more "bottom" than those to the city born, and in the struggle for existence wear out their competitors. The existence of this continuous immigration has often become a remark, and the question has not unfrequently been asked, what becomes of the Londoners of the second generation? It is certain that the pure Cockney (which word philologists say means a soft, delicate milksop), disappears before the rude strength of the country. To a young man of this latter class freshly entered into London, and making out for himself the thousand combinations of trade, Mr. Capper's book is likely to prove eminently useful, and we can recommend it to his attention.

#### LES MISÉRABLES.\*

SUPPOSING you were invited to dinner *à la fortune du pot*, and, thus forewarned, felt some disappointment at not being treated to boiled turkey and oyster sauce, you would surely, with good reason, find yourself considered as unjust and fantastical. Well, the critics who are bitter against M. Victor Hugo on account of the sermonizing character of "Les Misérables," seem to us quite as unreasonable. We have already said that we dislike controversial novels, but this point settled, the only thing we can in all fairness do is to examine how the author gets out of the controversy, to weigh his arguments, to sift his logic. Any person who opened the first volume of "Les Misérables" must have been quite aware that he was going to read theories on the constitution of society, and to express disappointment on that score is merely a piece of affectation.

The second part of the novel does not abound, like the first, in dramatic scenes and in thrilling *coups de théâtre*; but still we find, here and there, bits of capital writing and sketches drawn with much vigour. Our old friend, Jean Valjean, whom we left on his way to Paris, after his escape from the clutches of Javert, is now at Toulon, and this time sentenced to the hulks for life. About the middle of the third volume, however, we see him rescuing from imminent death a sailor whose foot had slipped, as he was helping to adjust some part of the rigging of a man-of-war; thus at liberty for a few minutes, the convict throws himself into the sea, escapes once more, and the next glimpse we have of him is at Montfermeil, a village in the environs of Paris, where he makes his appearance just opportunely to redeem, in the person of Cosette, the pledge he had made to Fantine. It will be remembered that the unfortunate *ouvrière*, obliged to part from her child, had entrusted her to the care of a small innkeeper, Thénardier, and of his wife. These two wretches, described as a couple of fiends, treat Cosette in a most brutal manner, overworking her, not only depriving her of every comfort, but allowing her barely the scantiest food and the commonest clothing. Jean Valjean's sole aim is now to remove Cosette from the influence of the Thénardiens, and to adopt her as his own daughter. With great difficulty does he accomplish his object; and when, returning again to Paris, he hopes that at last happiness has begun for him, he meets, as of yore, the sinister, the ever-vigilant, the ubiquitous Javert. A third time the wretched convict manages to frustrate the skill and energy of his pursuer, and the description of his escape into the convent of the Bernardine nuns of Picpus is certainly at once a downright impossibility, and the most thrilling chapter in this second part, which it closes with unquestionable dramatic effect.

We have said something about M. Victor Hugo's theories. The account of the battle of Waterloo, occupying nearly two hundred pages of the third volume, is, except in a very insignificant detail, a mere superfetation; but it enables the author to give his views of Napoleon, and of the part played by the Emperor in the history of the nineteenth century. The convent question is another topic which has become very fashionable, and accordingly Jean Valjean is made to take refuge in a community of Bernardines for the purpose of eliciting, as naturally as possible, an opportunity of discussing the propriety of monastic observances specially, and in general the character of religious worship. One preliminary objection to these two episodes, taken from the mere artistic stand-point, cannot fail to strike those who give the slightest attention to the perusal of the work. They are, as we have just stated, positive excrescences; they might have been omitted, without the slightest injury to the plot of the story; they remind us of those *pièces à tiroir* in which entire scenes are either added or suppressed, just as may suit the taste or the talent of some favourite actor. But the great problem to be solved at the present time is whether Bonapartism will become a permanent feature in the annals of Europe, or a mere accident, the perpetuating

\* Les Misérables. Par Victor Hugo. Deuxième Partie: Cosette. Troisième Partie: Marius. Four vols. Bruxelles: Lacroix & Co.; London: Jeffs.



of which would be a downright anachronism; hence the book entitled "Waterloo." The works of MM. Michelet and Quinet had, twenty years ago, revived in the most exciting manner all the disputes of the last century on church institutions and Roman Catholicism; M. Victor Hugo considers the whole subject over again with a great deal of detail, and concludes against monasticism, although his verdict is less bitter, less absolute than that of the celebrated lecturers of the Sorbonne and of the Collège de France. Let us quote the final paragraph of one of his chapters:—

"Therefore, the nineteenth century being given, we are opposed, generally speaking, and whatever the people may be, in Asia as well as in Europe, in India as well as in Turkey, to ascetic claustrations. A convent is a marsh. The putrescibility of such establishments is evident, their stagnation is unwholesome, their fermentation spreads fever throughout communities and wastes them away; their multiplicity becomes an Egyptian plague. We cannot think without a shudder of those countries where fakeers, bonzes, santons, caloyers, marabouts, talapains, and dervishes, swarm even so as to produce a venomous brood."

The condemnation is strong enough, some of our readers will say, and expressed in language which Voltaire himself might have endorsed; but then turn to the very next chapter and note M. Victor Hugo's apology for the *ascetic claustrations* he has just denounced in such violent terms:—

"If we set aside the Mediaeval question, the practices of Asia, the historical and political view of the case,—if we place ourselves on the purely philosophical stand-point, beyond the necessities of every-day polemics, I shall always consider claustral communities with a seriousness full of attention and to a certain degree of respect, provided the monastery be absolutely a matter of choice, containing none but persons who have joined it of their own free will. Wherever a *commune* exists there is the *commune*; and wherever we find the *commune* there is right. The monastery is the product of the formula: 'Equality! fraternity!' Oh, how great liberty is! and what a splendid transfiguration! Liberty is powerful enough to transform the monastery into a republic!"

The passage we have just quoted is likewise most characteristic in point of style, and the whole book from which it is extracted would be an interesting subject of study for readers anxious to become acquainted with M. Victor Hugo's *manière*. Possessing, above all, lightly developed imaginative powers, he is almost irresistibly led to mistake fancy for logic; with him metaphors are equivalent to arguments, and he thinks seriously that an accumulation of antitheses carries along with it persuasion to the same extent as the three terms of the best syllogism. Logic, however, is not the forte of the author of "Notre Dame de Paris;" he dazzles us, but he does not convince us; by the magic power of his brush he transfers us aloft to heights where, like Claude Frolo on the platform of the cathedral, we feel dizzy and uncomfortable; but when we have reached the ground, we still are conscious that the author's real purpose is not accomplished. Since the famous preface to *Cromwell*, so absurdly extolled at the time of its first appearance, we had never read any specimen of inconclusive grandiloquence equal to M. Victor Hugo's dissertation on the monastic system; and in order to forget it as soon as possible we turn at once to the parts of his novel where he has nothing to do except placing before us sketches of society, or scenes full of true pathos. These abound in the fourth part, entitled *Marius*, a part which introduces to our acquaintance what a French *vaudevilliste* would call the *jeune premier* of the play.

Son of a captain of cavalry wounded at Waterloo, Marius Pontmercy has been brought up by his grandfather, M. Gillenormand, who, royalist to the backbone, is unceasingly declaiming against "the Corsican ogre," and wounding the feelings of a child he truly loves, in spite of his close relationship to one of Bonaparte's veterans. The portrait of M. Gillenormand is admirably drawn, and the Legitimist coteries of the Faubourg Saint Germain appear with all the truth of the most accurate photograph in the chapters which describe the friends, the drawing-room, and the evening parties of M. Gillenormand. We are here brought into contact with a class of society which is fast dying away, and we can well understand that the young Marius Pontmercy longs for a more genial atmosphere—for companions less like faded images of the past. One of those fits of passion to which his grandfather is addicted produces this result; Marius Pontmercy throws off the yoke, and takes up his lodgings in the *Quartier Latin*, where, amidst the riotous students, he is initiated in all the aspirations of "Young France," and learns thoroughly the programme of liberalism which secret societies and democratic clubs endeavoured to carry out during the period included between 1819 and 1848. The description of the "Société des Amis de l'A B C," forms the counterpart to the sketch of M. Gillenormand's aristocratic *réunions*, and is treated with the same truthfulness. M. Victor Hugo, you see at once, paints what he has been able to observe himself. The scenes he represents are those *quorum pars magna fuit*; hence their accuracy and their interest.

Marius, according to all the rules of novel writing, falls in love, and of course the object of his affections is Cosette, whom he has met during his solitary walks at the Luxembourg. Cosette, or Ursule—for her name is changed—now lives happily and quietly under the ever-watchful care of Jean Valjean, *alias* M. Leblanc, when the arrival in Paris of Thénardier and his wife leads to another episode with which the sixth volume winds up, and which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest passages in the work. Irritated at finding their former slave Cosette prosperous, whilst, by their own misconduct, they have brought upon themselves misery and ruin, the Thénardiens (or *Joadrettes*, to give the nick name they have assumed) contrive, with the assistance of some notorious characters, a plot to entice Cosette's protector into a lonely house on the outskirts of Paris, for the purpose of robbing or even killing him, whilst Cosette herself shall be conveyed away. Fortunately Marius, who happens to be one of the tenants of the house in question, receives information of the dark intrigue. He procures the assistance of an able police-agent (Javert, we need scarcely say), and the strong arm of the law interferes just in time to prevent the accomplishment of a foul murder.

M. Victor Hugo's descriptive powers have never been displayed to greater advantage than in his sketch of that Paris Alsatia which some years ago formed the boundaries of the Faubourg St. Marceau and the Faubourg St. Antoine; his monography of the *gamin* is also a remarkable piece of psychological analysis; but we are very much mistaken if the chapters where Thénardier is brought in are not considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the sixth volume. It is impossible to delineate more faithfully the character of a

thorough villain, who would, if he could, destroy society, not because he finds around him neither work nor sympathy, but because he is obliged to live on charity, instead of having money to spend in the indulgence of his vices and his bestial appetites. In painting Thénardier, M. Victor Hugo has given the living portrait of two-thirds of those who, when revolutions break out, swell the ranks of Communism, and clamour for the rights of the people. "Oh, how I hate them, those rich men! with what jubilation, with what joy, with what enthusiasm, with what satisfaction I would strangle them all! . . . a lot of pretended charitable fellows, who go to mass, and think themselves superior to us, and come and humiliate us, bringing us what they call clothes—old rags that are not worth twopence! . . . and bread! . . . It isn't bread I want, you parcel of rogues, it's money! . . . money! never! because they say we would go and drink it, and that we are drunkards and sluggards! . . . and they? what are they? what have they been in their days? Thieves! They couldn't have got rich otherwise. People ought to take up society by the four corners of the sheet, and toss it all up into the air. Everything might go to smash, to be sure, but no one would be the richer, and that's so much profit!" In these few words of Thénardier is contained the creed of thousands, whose crimes have done more to make the word *reform* distasteful than the theories of Proudhon or the dreams of Robert Owen.

#### THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.\*

CAPTAIN HEWETT lately spent a year in the region pleasantly known as the "White Man's Grave." Having accomplished the feat of returning alive and well, he gives us the benefit of his experience. According to his report, this feat was really a creditable one. The charming town of Bathurst is situated on the river Gambia, whose stream is described as dead and sluggish. Its water is as thick as mud; and it has no banks for a great distance, but mangrove swamps instead. Gradually, as the river narrows, the tops of a few trees become visible, almost obscured by a thick yellow mist, which hangs like a pall above the festering masses of vegetation decaying in the tropical heat. The town at first offers a cheerful contrast to the surrounding scenery, as it consists of bright well-built houses on a stretch of silvery sand. On landing, however, this sand is discovered to be knee-deep, burning like hot ashes, and liable to be whirled up in clouds, getting into your eyes, nose, and mouth at every puff of wind. The unfortunate traveller plods laboriously through it, trying to avoid the intolerable stench which rises from the basement floors of the houses. The heat, even in the morning, makes him feel sick and giddy, and the wind is fiery and suffocating, like the blast from a furnace. The principal amusement of the officers quartered here consists in boarding the steamers which put in at long intervals. The remedy they usually adopt for low spirits appears to be whisky-punch. We are scarcely surprised to hear that the members of the mess were remarkable for emaciated faces, and eyes dull and leaden, like those of boiled fish. Their luxuriant beards contrasted curiously with the short bristles on the crowns of their heads, the hair having been shaved off while suffering under fever. "Another peculiarity" of these gentlemen "was a galvanic shock which now and again shook their attenuated frames; but this remarkable shudder was only the remains of ague attacks." This illness, we are also informed, has a tendency to affect the brain and produce "an idiotic vacancy in the features, a forgetfulness of sentences, and a loss of ideas." The garrison is now furnished by the West India regiments. The officers only serve one year on the coast, which time, we must suppose, is sufficient to develop these cheerful symptoms. It was formerly garrisoned by a corps of white soldiers who had been condemned for various crimes and allowed to serve here as a commutation of their punishment. A colonel of this regiment on one occasion chose to appropriate the whole of the barracks, turning out all his junior officers. They naturally complained to the Horse Guards, but before an answer could arrive all the parties to the dispute were dead. Three governors, it is said, are buried in the cemetery, but no one knows where. When the monuments sent out by their friends arrived from England, all the officials who had assisted at their burial were dead, and their places of interment could not be discovered. This mortality, however, according to Captain Hewett, is attributable much more to brandy than to climate. The inhabitants, as a rule, take little or no exercise, keep late hours, and drink so freely that a bottle of brandy a day is considered a moderate allowance. If you still doubt the salubrity of the climate, and ask why the bishops die, who neither keep late hours nor consume brandy, Captain Hewett replies that their palace is in the midst of a mangrove swamp. If you ask why whole ships' crews frequently die, it is because they are kept loading their cargoes in a mangrove swamp, up to their middles in water, with a tropical sun on their heads; and if you obstinately persist in inquiring why eight hundred of the Royal African corps died in a few months, he triumphantly points out that they were the greatest rascals under the sun, and were drunk day and night, sleeping out in the dews, and drinking new rum, old palm wine, and anything else they could lay hands on. The climate, however, is, he admits, unquestionably bad; but he believes that if the country were cleared and cultivated, Sierra Leone might be as healthy as any place with a tropical climate. Meanwhile, even Sierra Leone must be anything but an agreeable place of residence. It is tolerably free from mosquitoes and sandflies, but you have to sleep with each of the legs of your bed in a saucer of water, to serve as a defensive moat against the ants. You are liable to find venomous scorpions under your pillow, and to have filthy cockroaches crawl over your face. These cockroaches, too, may produce such a catastrophe as that which caused a Scotchman to exclaim, on opening the box where he had packed up his uniform, "Eh! sirs, my coat is turned into beasts!" adding, as he observed some of the swarm fighting for its only remnants—a string of bullion and some buttons—"Carry it awa, and mickle gude may it do your digestion, ye deevils!" Bathurst is distinguished from Sierra Leone by its fertility in mosquitos and sandflies. As no traveller ever yet wrote a book about the tropics without attempting to describe the mosquitoes, we do not quote Captain Hewett's account of their shrill trumpeting, buzzing, whizzing, and biting.

Captain Hewett gives a short account of some of the negro races in these

\* European Settlements on the West Coast of Africa. By Captain J. F. Napier Hewett, F.R.G.S. Chapman & Hall, London. 1862.



regions. The lowest are the Congoes or Guinea negroes, whom he summarily describes as little superior to the beasts, and incapable of aught but servitude. They furnish the largest proportion of slaves exported. Their stupidity has given too low an impression of the average capacity of the negro race. The Eboes are a superior tribe, although they have the weaknesses of cannibalism and human sacrifices to account for. Their teeth are habitually kept filed, in order, as we are told, to deal with tough human flesh. They take medicine vicariously by pouring it into the tombs of their relations, when it is supposed to do them as much good as if they had taken it themselves. They make an exception to this practice when the medicine happens to be rum. The Acras are the most intelligent of all the tribes exported for slaves, and even, says Captain Hewett, superior to the average of our own peasant population. They are able, in his opinion, to match even a Jew or a Scotchman in making a bargain; and are distinguished for their polished manners. When one of them dies his friends meet for a great dance shortly afterwards, which is kept up till his "duppy" or ghost appears. Whoever first sees the ghost is the first to die; and it is said that the ghost is really seen, and the death really takes place accordingly. This custom must tend to thin the population.

Superior again to these negro tribes are the Mandingoes and Jolloffs, who have some Moorish blood in them and are Mohammedans. The Mandingoes are the great leather-workers and blacksmiths of the country, and the Jolloffs are celebrated for their musical instruments. Neither race export their own countrymen, although they have no objection to dealing in slaves taken from other races.

The best means of introducing civilization and commerce amongst these various tribes is discussed with much interest by Captain Hewett. He gives, as we have seen, a very disagreeable and unpromising account of the present settlements. The country round Sierra Leone is of extraordinary fertility; it is conveniently situated for exporting its productions, and able to produce any amount of such necessities to English commerce as cotton and sugar. In fact, every prospect pleases, and only man is vile—uncommonly vile he seems to be. The white part of the population both military and civil seem to be utterly without energy, dying off fast, and meanwhile allowing the native race to be oppressed and ruined by slave dealers and all the natural results of the slave trade. "What is the cause," he indignantly asks, "of this waste of the blessings rendered by a beneficent Creator?" His answer certainly points to some real evils, although we doubt whether it is fully satisfactory. He begins, as usual, by ascribing all the misfortunes of the country to the mismanagement of the Government. It is their fault, he says, that the settlements are mere trading stations and not settled European colonies. It is even, he seems to think, their fault that the merchants pay for palm-oil in Brummagem muskets, "blue baf," and beads, instead of the hard cash which slave-dealers invariably produce and which negroes are especially fond of. But there are things that the Government has no earthly business to meddle with, and among these is the medium of exchange selected by merchants. If "niggers" really will sell palm-oil for less gold and silver than would buy the Brummagem muskets actually given for it, the merchants are likely to find it out. Private enterprise may also be relied upon to discover the fact if Western Africa be, as the author says, a splendid field for the investment of capital; but the question immediately occurs, what supply of labour can be obtained? Here Captain Hewett seems to be rather self-contradictory. He tells us that the only remedy is to be found in immigration, and that such immigration may be so conducted as to exclude all suspicion of kidnapping and slavery; at the same time he says that the vice of indolence is so inherent in the African character that negroes will not work. This is, at least, a very rash, if not a demonstrably false way of speaking. All that it can possibly mean is that negro labourers have hitherto been either slaves, when they have no inducement to work more than they are compelled, or free men, in countries where the least possible labour was enough to make them comfortable. In either case, it is impossible to see why a sensible negro should be otherwise than lazy, and yet it is argued from this that they always will be lazy, because it is "inherent in their nature." Captain Hewett, whilst repeating this solemn platitude, gives us an instance which contradicts it. Barbadoes, where the population is so large in proportion to the island that the negro must work or starve, has always been prosperous, because the negro has worked when he felt it to be his interest. No doubt, the same effect would follow the same cause in Sierra Leone. Whether it is possible to introduce free emigrants into it, and into our West Indian colonies, without a risk of reintroducing the slave-trade under another name, is another question.

Meanwhile, Captain Hewett takes a very unfavourable view of the effect produced by missionaries upon the actual black population. He has a thorough hatred for all sham philanthropy, and perhaps he is a little prejudiced on this matter. The negroes, he thinks, when made into missionary *protégés*, are "invariably idle, lying, cunning, and utterly worthless." No colonist will employ a native who has been brought up in a missionary school as servant. They are without a spirit of independence, and yet with an exaggerated sense of their own importance; and they can only be Christianized gradually and by first being attracted by commerce, as Dr. Livingstone proposes. Finally, he says, "candidly" that he considers them "inferior beings." To counteract this, he tells us, however, some really touching stories of the good qualities that may be found in blacks. One of a black soldier, who had been servant to an officer in his regiment, and who, on hearing a false report of his death, performed a march of seventy-six miles in twenty-four hours (having to return for some military duty), in order, as it appeared afterwards, to plant a small everlasting plant on the grave. We cannot say whether Captain Hewett's views of negro character and of the influence of missionaries upon it be true, but the subscribers to foreign missions might as well inquire whether he is really justified in stating that the funds subscribed by them are thrown away so lavishly and to so little purpose as he describes.

The book is written with spirit, though in a clumsy style. There are some mistaken attempts at facetiousness; and we might also point out a few rather loose pieces of grammar, as the plural of talisman is not talismen. On the whole, the book contains tolerably pleasant and instructive reading about a very dismal place.

## A BRACE OF NOVELS.\*

THE laws of political economy teach us that from the existence of a constant supply, we may infer a constant demand. There does, at the present time, exist a most abundant supply of productions, by courtesy called novels, so we presume there must be a demand for this species of literature. It is exceedingly difficult to account for the fact. What can the charm be which makes the ordinary three volume novel interesting? Is it simply that they are untrue? Works of fiction, in the proper sense of the word, they cannot be called. They are merely dull narrations of very ordinary occurrences—the only specialty of which is that they never did occur. If a man were to insist on telling us every detail of his life, how he eats and drinks, and takes a walk, and goes to bed, and gets up again, we should infallibly consider him a bore. And the puzzle is, why should the tediousness disappear when these things are told us of people who never existed? Unreality must possess some mysterious virtue. The most trivial events, narrated in the worst style, command our attention as soon as we are made aware that they did *not* happen. It is difficult to criticize writing of this sort. There is no incident to describe, no character to discuss. The whole thing is emptiness, and writing about it is as great a waste of time as reading it.

The two books before us are fair specimens of this style of literature. "Constance Mordaunt" narrates, through the tedium of two volumes, the fortunes of two Creole girls, embracing the varied incidents of going to school, coming home from school, going to a ball, climbing up a hill, on which occasion, we are informed that they "enjoyed not only the cold meat, but also a couple of glasses of champagne each, and suffered no ill effects from the unusual indulgence," and, of course, getting married,—one of them, in order to vary matters a little, repeating the last performance a second time. We are carefully informed that the different dispositions of the young ladies showed themselves at an early age,—

"Mrs. Mordaunt, like most Creole ladies, was an expert swimmer, and she delighted to give the girls lessons in natation. Laura was an apt scholar, and would, without the slightest hesitation, jump from a high projecting rock into the stream, whilst Constance could never overcome her natural timidity, and generally stood irresolute till pushed or pulled in by her cousin."

The following passage, describing the species of "fagging" which prevails among school-girls, is perhaps the most interesting in the volumes:—

"The 'school-mother' hears her charges their lessons previous to going up to the teacher, admonishes them on any faults of character or temper she may perceive, mends their clothes, sees to the tidying of their drawers, and interposes in any differences with their companions, to promote harmony or prevent injustice."

"The duty of the 'child' consists in going messages, seeking a lost glove or book, and last not least, in warming the parent nest, should they happen to be bedfellows."

"No doubt many remember the reluctance with which they have rolled aside and resigned their snuggery."

As to the plot of the story, we can but quote the traveller's remark on snakes in Iceland. There is no plot of any sort whatever. We are conducted, with perfect order, through the exciting incidents which we have mentioned above, until we arrive at the picture of domestic bliss, with which the whole is fittingly concluded. "Constance Mordaunt" is thus welcomed by her mother-in-law:—

"'You have undoubtedly been very constant, dearest Arthur,' she added, 'but you have not quite so much merit as many gave you credit for. So precious a jewel with so brilliant a setting is not often to be found;' and as she said this a benevolent smile played around her lips, and lighted up her habitually pensive blue eyes."

"It is useless to describe the domestic happiness of Arthur Fanshawe and Constance, to those who have loved as fondly and as faithfully, whilst to others who have never felt the tender passion, or mock at its influence, the attempt would be vain."

This does, we admit, remind us of the fashionable novel which Kate Nickleby read to Mrs. Witterly, and which the latter lady found too much for her nerves. Yet it is better than unreal pathos. Indeed, the one merit of the story in our eyes is that it does end well. The matrimonial comforts of the characters are set forth with a detail which would certainly have elicited a "slight nod of reprimand" from Miss Martha Bushbody. Not only do they beget sons and daughters, but we have some dim foreshadowings of grandchildren.

A source of interest has been sought for in the negro life in the West Indies, or, to quote the language of the preface, "the author of the following narrative has been tempted to enliven it with descriptions of manners and customs peculiar to the inhabitants of the Western Archipelago in bygone days." We think it questionable how far the narrative has been enlivened. The author may have had the requisite opportunities of observation; but he altogether wants the art of reproducing what he has seen. The result is forced and unnatural. To write bad English is not to represent negro character. The information that black people say "hab" instead of have, and "lub" instead of love, is not valuable; and we get nothing more in these volumes.

"Willie Atherton" possesses one point of superiority over "Constance Mordaunt"—it is only half as long. But then it is twice as pretentious and twice as absurd. The author is a Mr. George Hebert, who dates from Inchebourne Rectory. It is hard to understand how a man in such a position can be so ignorant both of the world and of the English language. Thus, we are told that Oxford is the "queen of places for money-lenders;" and such elegant expressions as "Willie felt he had made a silly of himself," and "Mrs. Atherton abominated tarrydiddles," are to be met with in every page. The volume is occupied with the fortunes of two young clergymen, friends at school, at college, and in after life. The date of the story, as we are told with great eloquence, is laid "in the days when little boys were dressed

\* Constance Mordaunt; or, Life in the Western Archipelago. In two volumes. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

Willie Atherton, A Tale. By George Hebert. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.



in huge collars frilled—frills were in fashion just then,—tunics open down the front, with frilled shirts to match the collars, white duck trousers with two narrow tucks to let out for growing. A pretty, cool dress it was considered by the fond mammas of those times." The plan of the story is mainly that one of the young clergymen, though unmarried, becomes the parent of children, whom the other young clergyman kindly educates,—a line of conduct, which, not unnaturally, hurts his reputation, and loses him his lady-love. The end, of course, is, that the good young clergyman dies, and the bad young clergyman is punished. The nature of his punishment is impressive. A crowd of mischievous little boys throw stones at the carriage of this clerical Mephistopheles, accompanying the missiles with indignant shouts of "Who killed Willie Atherton?" The words may have had some hidden taunt, but no reader of this story could possibly discover where it lay; for, whatever the author may have intended, he certainly does not, as a matter of fact, ascribe the death of his good hero in any way to the machinations of his bad one. The modest Mr. Hebert compares his book, in his preface, to Moses in the bulrushes, and prays for a critic who will play the part of Pharaoh's daughter. Yet he fears that "the sorrowful tone and tragical end of Willie Atherton will be distasteful to a people which has lately hissed tragedy off its most legitimate place, the stage." The comparison is absurd; the fears are well-founded. No critic, worthy of the name, will rescue this book from utter forgetfulness. Its "tone" and its "end" will certainly be distasteful to the public, but not for the reason Mr. Hebert supposes. Whining is not sorrow, and killing people without a reason is not tragedy. "Willie Atherton" will be distasteful for a much simpler reason. And that reason is that the book is foolish, uninteresting, unnatural, and pretentious.

All fifth-rate writers—and unfortunately some of a higher position—think that they dignify their effusions by the use of foreign tongues. Absence of ideas is compensated by the presence of some half-dozen languages. This stupid trick is resorted to by the authors of both the novels before us; but we never met with a more unfortunate instance of it than the following sentence from "Willie Atherton":—"Had she forgotten him? Had cruel *rappports* estranged from him the love he felt had once been his?" Comment on this would be superfluous.

If our remarks give pain to any one, we are sorry for it; but, at any cost, this flood of trashy novels must be stopped. It is quite clear that they must be read or they would not be written; and it is equally clear that they should not be read. They can do no possible good to any human being. They cannot even amuse. They only afford a means of wasting hours which might be better employed. Time given to such books is worse than thrown away. Doing nothing is at least doing no mischief; but reading books like "Willie Atherton" is doing mischief—for it enfeebles the mind, and corrupts the taste. Nor is the evil diminished by the fact that it is ladies, for the most part, who do read them. On the contrary, it is a most painful reflection how many hours have been spent on reading novels like these, which might have been devoted to the pages of Francatelli. It is much better to learn how to make puddings, than to dream over amiable weakness or presumptuous incapacity.

## ART AND MUSIC.

### ARCHÆOLOGICAL NEWS.

THE purchase of a very fine Greek vase from Camirus, in Rhodes, for the British Museum, has drawn attention to M. Salzmann's important discoveries at that site. Camirus was one of the three cities, Lindus and Ialysus being the others, which were abandoned on the foundation of Rhodes. The remains there found are therefore all anterior to the date of that event, about B.C. 408, and belong to the most interesting ages of Greek art. The vase is remarkable for the freedom and vigour of its drawing, though the style is wanting in the severe simplicity of the school of Phidias. M. Salzmann has found three circles of subterranean tombs around the city; the oldest, Phœnician, with, as he thinks, an Assyrian tendency; the next, Phœnician, with a Greek tendency; and the third, Hellenic, free from foreign influence.

The discovery of the upper part of the head of the statue which was the companion of that of Mausolus in the car on the summit of the Mausoleum, confirms the idea that it represented a goddess, and not, as has been erroneously thought, Artemisia herself. The absence of minute work makes the head quite of a different class to that of Mausolus, and shows that it could not have been a portrait. It is veiled and bound with a fillet: the veil suggests Ceres; the fillet will be cited by those who consider that the statue represents the Queen.

The conclusion of M. Renan's reports of his expedition to Phœnicia, in the *Revue Archéologique*, will be read with much interest, especially for the remarks on Jewish architecture. He considers the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem to be certainly on the ancient site of the Temple, thus contradicting Mr. Fergusson's theory that it is Constantine's Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but he does not allege any conclusive reasons. It is unfortunate that M. Renan relinquished the intention of visiting Cyprus. Mr. Waddington, after a long exploration of the country to the east of Palestine, as to which Mr. Cyril Graham had excited our curiosity, resulting in the discovery of a multitude of ancient oriental as well as classical inscriptions, has determined to visit Cyprus, with the object that would have taken M. Renan there, to search for remains of the perplexing Phœnicians.

The sale of M. Huber's collection of coins, chiefly formed while he was Austrian Consul-General in Egypt, is worthy of record as the dispersion of the cabinet of a true numismatist. The rarest or most beautiful coins were a tetradrachm of Syracuse, with the head and name of the nymph Arethusa, which ultimately became the property of Mr. E. Wigan, a gold stater of Cius, in Bithynia, believed to be unique, and a tetradrachm of Alexander, the son of Roxana, with the posthumous portrait of his father Alexander the Great, both of which were acquired by the British Museum.

Sir Henry Rawlinson's recent discovery of an Assyrian canon has called forth an angry comment from Dr. Hincks, who certainly contrives to throw a difficulty in the way of its being accepted. We hope that Sir Henry will be able to trace the supposed contradictory fragment to which his opponent refers, for the Irish

student is far too acute, and has too wonderful a memory not to speak with much weight. So we pause before we alter our chronology.

The supposed discovery by M. Chabas of some mention of the Hebrews in Egyptian records has not been as carefully ventilated as it deserves.\* This Egyptologist has found in some papyri of the nineteenth dynasty and an inscription of the twentieth, notice of a people called Aperi or Apuri, employed by the Egyptians in the quarries and mines. The kings under whom these slaves are spoken of are Rameses II. and Rameses IV. The date of the former may be in accordance with the latest date to which the Exodus has been assigned; that of the latter is much too recent. This difficulty is explained by M. Chabas by the suppositions that all the Hebrews did not leave Egypt, or that some returned, ideas for which there is no ground. It is, however, not impossible that some cognate people may have had the same name. The word Aperi sounds very unlike the native name of the Hebrews, but a comparison of Hebrew words written in Egyptian shows that it may correspond. Sir G. Cornwall Lewis's attack on the interpretation of hieroglyphics has attracted so much attention to Egyptology that we shall be surprised if this curious conjecture should not be taken up by an English student.

The beautiful ancient Egyptian personal ornaments discovered at Thebes by M. Mariette, and shown by the Pasha of Egypt in the Egyptian Court of the Exhibition, go far to settle the controversy whether the jewellers of the Pharaohs were acquainted with the art of enamelling. These ornaments were made for a queen who lived fifteen or sixteen hundred years B.C., and therefore in the best period of Egyptian art; had enamelling been then known, surely it would have been employed in preference to inlaying.

One of the most accomplished Phœnician scholars of the day, Dr. Levy of Breslau, has just published a treatise on Jewish coins, combining literary criticism with the numismatic facts already ascertained.† He holds with the older numismatists that Simon the Maccabee first struck Jewish money, and that the earlier shekels and half shekels are consequently to be assigned to him; and with Werlhof, the translator of Cavedoni's "Numismatica Biblica," that the coins with names of Jewish princes begin with John Hyrcanus, and not with Judas the Maccabee. His arrangement of the coins of the revolts against the Romans is especially worthy of study, though requiring further evidence.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH the operatic season is drawing to a close there is no lack of novelty, nor want of activity on the part of the manager. Some of the principal singers, it is true, have quietly taken their *congé*, and repaired to other fields of distinction. Madame Czillag, for instance, has returned to Germany; Madame Miolan-Carvalho to France, leaving their triumphs in the hands of impatient rivals. Fortunately one prima donna is left us, whose place is not so easily filled up, and whose loss at the present moment would be severely felt. We mean Mdle. Adelina Patti. She has given us another proof of her charming talent by her performance of the rôle of Norina, in Donizetti's pretty opera of "Don Pasquale." There is, perhaps, no comic opera on the Italian stage in which all the characteristics of Mdle. Patti's genius are more prominently brought to light. In the first place, her youthful appearance, her expressive and animated countenance, her lady-like demeanour, and her artless manner, are exactly suitable to the part of the fascinating young widow. Along with these natural attributes she possesses all the requisites for a happy delineation of the character, both in a musical and histrionic point of view. She is an admirable singer and a perfect mistress of the florid school of vocalization; while as an actress she distinguishes herself by great intelligence, unaffected grace, *naïveté*, and humour. No wonder, then, that the reigning favourite of the day achieved a complete success on Saturday last when she performed the part of Norina for the first time in England.

Mdle. Patti laboured, however, under a serious disadvantage by not being efficiently supported, at least as far as the principal character in the opera is concerned. Why Signor Ciampi, who appeared as Don Pasquale, should undertake to sing in "opera buffa," in preference to "opera seria," we are at a loss to understand, since he is without a particle of humour. His voice, if properly cultivated, might do him good service in serious parts, but the "buffo" style is entirely out of his sphere. Nor can we say that Signor delle Sedie, as Dr. Malatesta, realized the intentions of the composer, in spite of his very artistic and able delivery of the music allotted to his share. Indeed, Mdle. Patti's efforts to be amusing were, in a great measure, paralyzed by the excessive dulness of her coadjutors, who went through their parts in the clumsiest manner, leaving her to do all the "fun." Even Signor Mario, that prince of "woosers," did not seem in a love-making mood. His singing, no doubt, of the serenade "Com'è gentile," and the duet with Norina, "Tornami adir," was full of grace and charm, but in his attentions to the pretty lady he was not quite so successful. Don Pasquale, however, was the chief enemy against whom the coquettish widow had to fight. The foolish old bachelor well deserved his fate, and we rejoice that the marriage ceremony ended in smoke, since his union with the clever little vixen could have come to no good. Norina's triumph was complete. A little more *abandon* in some of the scenes would make her impersonation perfect. Mdle. Patti need not fear to give herself up to her full inspiration, and invest the character with all the life and animation of which it is capable, since the rules of art and the conventionalities of the drawing-room are wholly different. Her singing throughout the opera cannot be too highly praised. For the rondo finale, she substituted a brilliant valse, which, although a little out of place, was so beautifully given, that it obtained considerable applause.

The 14th of July, 1862, was a proud day for the Philharmonic Society. On

\* *Mélanges Égyptologiques*. Par F. Chabas. Svo. Paris: Duprat. 1862.

† *Geschichte der Jüdischen Münzen* gemeinfasslich dargestellt von Dr. M. A. Levy. Svo. Leipzig. Nies'sche Buchdruckerei. 1862.



the evening of that day a Jubilee Concert was held at St. James's Hall, in commemoration of the Society's fiftieth season. We have not space to give a history of the Philharmonic from its foundation in 1813, nor have we here to point out the important services rendered by this great musical institution to art and artists in this country. How high a position the Philharmonic Society occupied in the eyes of the musical world abroad, will be gathered from the fact that men like Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Moscheles, Cramer, and Bennett, have written works especially for the Society, and have considered it an honour to be invited to enrich the library of the English Philharmonic with their productions. "Never," writes Mendelssohn, in 1832, in one of his "Reisebriefe," "shall I forget the distinction conferred upon me by the orchestra, when, on entering the room during a rehearsal of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, some member of the band called out, 'There is Mendelssohn,' after which they began applauding and cheering me with such warmth that for a while I did not know what to do. 'Welcome to him,' cried somebody else in the orchestra. Again they commenced making the same noise, till at last I was obliged to cross the room, and climb up the orchestra, in order to thank them. Believe me, I shall never forget it; it was more gratifying to me than any other distinction, for it proved that the musicians (die Musiker) liked me, and were pleased that I had come, and it was more grateful to my feelings than I can possibly say." This is, no doubt, only one example, among many, of the high estimation in which our great Society has been, and still is, held by foreign composers and executants. It was, we admit, very difficult to select a programme for so interesting an occasion. Some proposed to give the concert an historical character, but then it would, perhaps, have included too many orchestral works. Others, again, found the programme too long, forgetting that this was an exceptional case. One thing is certain, the concert, as it was, gave the most unqualified pleasure to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in St. James's Hall. To criticize a performance given under such peculiar circumstances would be out of place, even if there were room for criticism, but when we state that *la crème de la crème* of artists, such as Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Mdlle. Tietjens, and Mr. Santley, Mrs. Anderson (who made her last public appearance), Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, were the soloists, and that some of the finest works of all the great composers were selected for the occasion, it will easily be believed that not much fault could be found. It was easy to perceive that the audience comprised a large number of musical amateurs, who, unlike the usual subscribers of the Society, expressed their pleasure and admiration by the most enthusiastic applause. Indeed, each executant, either vocal or instrumental, received a perfect ovation, which was in every instance fully deserved. The only novelty in the unusually rich programme was a fantasia-overture, entitled "Paradise and the Peri," founded on Moore's poem, and expressly composed for this concert by Professor Sterndale Bennett, the present conductor of the Philharmonic Society. So poetical in conception, so picturesque in orchestration, is this charming composition of the Cambridge professor, that it must be pronounced one of his best works, which we hope soon to have an opportunity of hearing again, in order to fully appreciate its marked beauties. We congratulate the directors of the Philharmonic Society on their complete success, and hope that the future may be as brilliant as the past.

Between the great masters and the young pupils there is a wide distinction. However, it is pleasant to think that the latter profit by the example of the former, and endeavour to learn what the others teach. The third concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday last, indicated that the importance of the institution is not lost sight of; indeed, in some respects it gave signs of considerable improvement, and more especially as regards the executive department. The only composition by one of the students was the first movement of a pianoforte concerto, from the pen of Mr. Walstein, and played by himself. There is great purity of style and much smoothness in the music of this young composer. Spohr and Mendelssohn seem to be his great models; originality, therefore, is at present not to be found in his compositions, but Mr. Walstein is working in the right direction. Two young ladies, Miss Zimmermann, pupil of Herr Pauer, and Miss Ball, pupil of Mr. Dorrell, honourably distinguished themselves by their performances on the pianoforte. The former, who played two movements of Beethoven's concerto in E flat, promises to become one of our best lady pianists; while the latter, though not so much advanced, yet displayed much talent in Mendelssohn's andante and rondo in B minor. Her mechanism appeared to us more developed in the right than the left hand—an inequality which, in classical music especially, renders the execution somewhat difficult. A solo on the violoncello, by Mr. H. Harper, son of the excellent horn player, Mr. Charles Harper, gave great pleasure. The young violoncellist possesses a very nice tone, and plays with ease and taste. There was also a clarinet obligato by Mr. A. Williams, who accompanied Miss Robertine Henderson in the great aria, "Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito," with great skill. This very promising singer remains at the head of the vocalists, and sang the music of the "May Queen," in Dr. Bennett's cantata, in excellent style. Miss Armytage and Miss Hall continue to make great progress, while Miss Taylor deserves praise for her clever singing of an Italian air by Donizetti. The weakest part of the performance was, we think, the distribution of prizes by the Duke of Leinster. His Grace did no more, nor less, than was "set down" for him. He handed a bronze medal to Miss Armytage and to Miss Pitt, and a silver one to somebody else, leaving it to the Secretary of the Academy to inform the public the next day, in the *Times*, that the medals had been awarded "for general progress during the past year." A few words of congratulation and encouragement would, we imagine, not have been out of place on such an occasion.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

MANUFACTURE OF PHOSPHORUS.—When the old alchemist, Brandt, searching for a liquid capable of transmuting silver into gold, discovered the "dark unctuous daubing mess" phosphorus, it could not have been imagined that

this was the first germ of a discovery which would ultimately prove so important and universal an agent of civilization. The consumption of this strange element in the manufacture of lucifer matches is now something enormous, and only those who can recollect the difficulties encountered before a light could be obtained in the times of the old flint and steel, and the constant annoyances of grazed knuckles and damp tinder which were met with in this method of obtaining a light, are competent to really appreciate the blessings which the application of phosphorus to the manufacture of lucifer matches has bestowed upon society.

Phosphorus, at the present day, is prepared from bones which are decomposed by oil of vitriol; the phosphoric acid is then separated, evaporated down, and mixed with a certain quantity of powdered charcoal. The mixture is dried as perfectly as possible in a furnace, and the black powder introduced into clay retorts, which are arranged in horizontal rows in a furnace which is so constructed as to be capable of raising them to nearly a white heat. The phosphoric acid consists of phosphorus and oxygen, and as the powdered charcoal has a greater affinity at a white heat for the oxygen than the phosphorus has, this latter element is liberated in the free state, the oxygen passing over to the carbon. The phosphorus does not begin to distil over plentifully until the heat is raised to its highest; it then distils through bent tubes, and is collected in warm water, into which they dip. A large phosphorus manufactory sometimes contains as many as three hundred retorts, and when in full operation and the furnaces at their maximum heat, the appearance, as related by an eyewitness, is somewhat fearful. The long yellow flames of phosphuretted hydrogen and carbonic oxide shooting forth from the escape pipes; bits of burning phosphorus spitting forth in fiery balls from little crevices, or leaks at the mouths of the retorts; the incessant bubbling of the vapour of phosphorus and escaping gases in the basins of hot water; the almost unbearable heat from the furnaces on each side, and from the red-hot flues under foot; the intolerable stench of phosphuretted hydrogen and burning phosphorus, combine to produce an impression on the senses which cannot fail to be vividly remembered.

The phosphorus which has condensed in the receiving basins is allowed to cool, and afterwards transferred to a large vessel, in which the separate cakes are melted together under water; the impurities which have been carried over mechanically, settle to the bottom on standing, and the supernatant phosphorus is separated from the impurities by means of syphons filled with hot water. The large cheeses of phosphorus are then bleached and afterwards squeezed in the melted state through chamois leather and canvas into a vessel of hot water beneath. The bleached and purified phosphorus is now cast into wedge-shaped pieces, or it is moulded into cylindrical sticks half an inch in diameter and ten inches long, by the aid of glass tubes immersed into the phosphorus under water. The appearance of the purified phosphorus in the form of wedges is that of very transparent wax or glass, of a slightly greenish yellow colour; but when in the form of sticks it usually appears colourless; and when in a pure state it is as flexible as lead or soft copper wire. Messrs. Albright and Wilson exhibit fine illustrations of this important manufacture in the chemical department of the International Exhibition. So inflammable a substance as phosphorus itself is, of course, not admissible into the building, but they have succeeded in producing a most perfect imitation of this body, which, indeed, so nearly resembles the real thing as to have excited lively alarm in the minds of some chemists. The tin cases in which phosphorus is always packed for conveyance are here shown, and by their side are facsimiles in glass, which are filled with the sticks or wedge-shaped cakes, and covered with water: the larger tins being capable of holding 110 lb.; the covers of the tins are, of course, soldered on air-tight.

The price at which this article has been sold shows, in a striking manner, the effect which large demand has on the cost of production. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Hanckwitz, the first person who prepared phosphorus for sale, advertised its price at three pounds sterling the ounce. In 1833, when it was first applied to the manufacture of matches, it was sold wholesale at four guineas a pound; in 1837 at two guineas; and at the present time at less than half-a-crown. The only important application of phosphorus, as far as quantity is concerned, is in the manufacture of matches. This has now assumed the most gigantic dimensions. Although the ingredients used in the manufacture are numerous, and somewhat troublesome to make, and each match has to pass through the hands of about seventeen persons, the consumption is so great as to enable them to be sold at prices almost fabulously low. In London alone, one saw-mill is pretty nearly always at work in cutting up large timbers into splints, 5,000,000,000 of matches yearly being produced in the metropolis. The cases for the matches imported by one of our merchants weighing 400 tons annually. The greatest seat of match-making is, however, located in Austria. The principal makers are well represented in the present Exhibition, but the scale upon which their works are carried on almost defies belief. M. Pollak at Vienna, and M. Fürth in Bohemia, employ together about 6,000 persons, producing the amazing number of 44,800,000,000 matches yearly. The low price at which they are produced is equally startling. M. Fürth sells boxes, each containing eighty matches, at one penny per dozen. M. Harras, of Suhl, sells 1,400 splints for a farthing; and De Majo, of Moravia, sells a case of fifty boxes, each containing 100 lucifers, for fourpence.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHEAP AND CONVENIENT GALVANIC BATTERY.—The arrangement we are about to notice is used by Mr. W. Symons, F.C.S., and will be found to form an inexpensive and very convenient battery. The chief difficulty in the construction of batteries by amateurs and students is that of procuring an effectual contact between the metals. This is generally done by one or more binding-screws to each pair of plates, or by soldering, which of course must be repeated as often as the zinc requires to be renewed. Mr. Symons's plan is far more simple and quite effectual, one wooden screw being sufficient for a dozen pairs of plates. Any one familiar with the battery described by Faraday in his "Experimental Researches," will



observe that this method is similar, but the necessity of soldering each pair and of placing pieces of cork or wood to keep each plate in its place is obviated, as well as is the peculiar and rather difficult construction of the trough for facilitating the removal of the metals from the liquid when the battery is not in actual use. The battery now described is so compact and tightly bound together, that it can be removed at once without any such contrivance. Fig. 1 is a piece of wood about three-eighths of an inch thick, and three inches wide; the length will be regulated by the intended number of plates, and their distance from each other. A B is a hole, one-half of an inch wide at A, one inch at B. Fig. 2 shows the same board in section with four legs four inches long at O; G, figs. 1 and 2, is a stout piece of close-grained wood, which may fit into B, or be fixed; it has a wooden screw, D, working in it; E is a cross-piece to strengthen the end. Fig. 3 is a stout piece of hard wood adapted to slide in the groove A, the hole L fitting the screw at B, fig. 1. Fig. 4 is a plate of copper. Fig. 5 is the same bent; the narrow parts at H and I are half an inch wide, and opposite each other when bent. Fig. 6 is a plate of zinc; fig. 7 is the section of small pieces of wood, gutta percha, or vulcanized india-rubber adapted to A; their length must be regulated by the distance of the plates from each other, which may be a quarter of an inch or less, and there must be some longer pieces to fill up the space between H and I, fig. 5. The poles, K, are wires, soldered to strips of copper shaped as fig. 3. To arrange the battery, put a zinc plate into a copper, and introduce them through B, figs. 1 and 2; slide them up to E, place one of the poles in contact with the zinc, and keep it at a proper distance from the copper by one of the small pieces, fig. 7; slide on each pair of plates in a similar manner, of course bringing the zinc of one into contact with the copper of the next, and brightening the points of contact with a fine file; place the other pole in contact with the last copper, then introduce the wood, fig. 3, and screw the whole tight together, when, if placed properly, the battery will appear as in fig. 2, where Z shows the zinc, and C the copper. It is preferable to use a separate cell for each pair of plates, and which can be easily made of gutta percha; but if this is not done, thin gutta percha, or waxed paper, cut to the shapes of the zinc plates, but half an inch larger at the sides and bottom, can be placed, as indicated by the dotted lines in fig. 2.

A neater and more efficient battery has been constructed by Mr. Symons, on the basis of Smee's principle, by substituting silver wire for the copper-plate; and it may be done by using plates with a copper top, shaped like fig. 4 at the parts H and I, but only as large as the dotted lines. Double up this narrow strip, but not quite close, drill along the length of it some small holes, four or six to the inch, to receive silver wires, two of which are shown by the dotted lines W, fig. 4. These wires can be of from No. 20 to No. 30 size, and must be soldered to the copper; the solder filling up the space where the copper is doubled up, it will be advisable to varnish the soldering. This plate of silver wires can be platinized, and then used in the battery, like the copper plate in the former description. For constant or for only occasional use no more convenient battery can be used. The silver will cost a trifle more than the copper, and the plates will be a little more trouble to make, but as this is only in the first construction, there will be ample compensation in the neatness and lightness of the battery and the increase of power from the same consumption of zinc. The greatest advantage is that, when once put together, it is ready for use at any moment, and when its duty is done it can be as quickly laid by ready for action again either the next hour or the next month.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION hold their nineteenth annual meeting at Leicester on the 4th August next, continuing until the 9th inclusive, under the patronage of the Duke of Rutland, lord-lieutenant of the county, and the Bishop of Peterborough. Dr. Lee will be the president on the occasion. The Association will be received by the civic authorities at the Guildhall, at three o'clock on Monday, the opening day, when, after the President's address, various objects of antiquity in the town will be visited previous to the evening meeting in the Guildhall, at 8 P.M. On Tuesday there will be excursions to Groby Castle, Bradgate, Ulverscroft, Beacon Hill, Woodhouse Chapel, and Latimer's house and church; and in the evening a meeting in the lecture-room of the Philosophical Society. On Wednesday, the excursions will be under the direction of Major Wollaston, the President of the Leicestershire Archaeological and Architectural Society, and will include visits to Kirby Muxloe Castle, Market Bosworth Church and Hall, Bosworth Field, East Stilton Church; and an inspection of Sir A. Dixie's collection of antiquities. At the evening meeting in the Music Hall, the Mayor of Leicester will preside. On Thursday the excursions will be to Breedon-on-the-Hill, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Castle Donington, and its old Chantry House, and Church containing the effigy of Hazelrigge and other antiquities. Evening meeting at the Guildhall. On Friday the excursions will be to Brixworth and Northampton, where there will be a reception by the Mayor and Corporation. The objects of interest to be examined are the old Town Hall, Council Chamber, municipal charters, regalia, remains of Castle, St. Peter's Church, All Saints', St. Giles's, and St. Sepulchre's, ancient house, battle-field, and Queen's Cross. In the evening the meeting will be held in the Guildhall. Saturday will be chiefly devoted to an examination of the churches in Leicester, and a visit to Wistow Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Halford. The closing meeting will be held in the Guildhall.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION BALLOON ASCENTS.—It will be remembered that on the 22nd of March the Balloon Committee of the British Association resumed the experimental ascents for meteorological observations in the upper strata of the atmosphere; but that on that occasion the balloon—the "Royal Normandy"—after being wafted away about seven miles, and getting up only about a quarter of a mile, was brought down through unsoundness. The aeronauts were dragged through a coppice, and over the tops of trees, to the almost entire destruction of the instruments that had been provided for the observations. Encouraged, however, by the promise of the committee, that it should be used in the experiments, Mr. Coxwell, the well-known aeronaut, who was called in at this juncture, engaged to make a new balloon that should hold from 80,000 to 90,000 cubic feet of gas, and with which an ascent might be made to as great an altitude as five miles. Mr. Coxwell kept his word, and on the 30th of June he had this new and powerful machine in Wolverhampton. It was partially inflated on that day, and Mr. Glaisher, the Superintendent of the Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory, was on the ground with the necessary instruments for the ascent, but the extreme gustiness of the weather caused so much damage to the balloon that a delay of at least a week for repairs became necessary; and Dr. Fairbairn, Colonel Sykes, M.P., Lord Wrottesley, Dr. Lee, and Mr. Glaisher

the members of the balloon committee, who had come to Wolverhampton, left that town till they should be communicated with by the aeronaut that the balloon was ready. All events seeming propitious, Mr. Glaisher and Dr. Lee came again to Wolverhampton on Monday last, but no favourable opportunity could be found until Thursday morning. On that day the work of inflating the monster balloon commenced at half-past five in the morning and ceased at nine, by which hour 66,000 cubic feet of gas had been thrown in,—as much as was prudent, as room must be left for the expansion which would take place in the rarefied heights of the atmosphere to which it was going. Lord Wrottesley and the Hon. Arthur Wrottesley were at this time upon the ground, in addition to Mr. Glaisher and Dr. Lee. A large number of the inhabitants of the town were also present. The leading objects sought to be obtained are, first, to ascertain the law of the decrease of temperature in proportion to elevation; and secondly, to determine the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere. Other atmospheric phenomena it is desired should be noticed, but to these two subjects the observer will devote his principal attention.

To assist the observer a most complete set of instruments had been got together, and certain of them had been made under his direction expressly for these observations. The instruments and apparatus included very sensitive thermometers, so sensitive that the approach of the hand towards the column of mercury would send it up with great rapidity; an aneroid barometer that had been tested beneath an air-pump, and graduated down to five inches, and which at five miles high would show only eleven inches; wet and dry thermometers to check the thermometers used on the high mountain ranges of India, where no other can be obtained; an ether barometer; an electrometer (Professor Thompson's, of Glasgow, lent for the occasion); a magnet to take the time of the vibration of the needle at different altitudes; glass air-tubes to trap the air and bring it down to the earth to be measured; and ozone test-papers, in the use of which latter Mr. Glaisher made such valuable discoveries when he was instructed by the Government to undertake meteorological investigations during the cholera season of 1854. By half-past nine the car had been attached, and Mr. Glaisher inspected his apparatus for the last time before committing himself and it to the mercy of the balloon. The board on which the instruments were fixed was hoisted in, Mr. Glaisher followed, and at 9.43 the vast machine was liberated, and ascended majestically under the experienced control of Mr. Coxwell, amidst the warmest plaudits of the spectators. Mr. Glaisher seemed even more composed than the aeronaut himself, and having acknowledged the kindly farewells of the committee and the assemblage, at once applied himself to his instruments, and at this labour he was seen as long as he could be observed at all. The balloon sped away on its aerial voyage, at the rate apparently of some thirty miles an hour, in a direction east-north-east, a direction and speed that led to some fears by the committee that the aeronauts might find themselves, after no great while, in undesirable proximity to the Wash. At 9.50 the balloon entered a white fleecy cloud, and was lost to view for more than a minute. On emerging, it seemed to have expanded to its full dimensions, and the sun shining upon it at the instant, it had the appearance of an immense floating globe of burnished silver. At 9.56 the balloon had sailed beyond the reach of observation.

Mr. Glaisher contemplated remaining up six hours, and of descending twice before he made his final ascent to the desired altitude of five miles. By this means he would be able to check his preceding series of observations, and consequently increase their value, by confirming their accuracy. The direction, however, in which the wind was blowing, would render the carrying out of this intention somewhat more than difficult, inasmuch as before it could be effected, Mr. Glaisher would find himself upon the coast. The expectation of Mr. Glaisher was that he should be able, under the circumstances, to alight early enough in the day to enable him to return to Wolverhampton in time to make another ascent on Friday (yesterday); but it is more likely that this second ascent will be made to-day. The balloon is considered to be admirably suited for the purpose. It will, according to Mr. Glaisher's own measurement, contain 89,932 cubic feet of gas, which is some 14,000 feet more than the great "Nassau" balloon would hold. The material is American cloth, a fabric not so strong as new silk, but stronger than any balloon now in existence. It has cost about £500, and is stronger now than before it was repaired. The specific gravity of the gas supplied is on the average between .380 and .280.

Yesterday morning we received a telegraphic message that the balloon had descended at noon near Oakham, after having attained an altitude of nearly five miles.

SAXON RELICS NEAR CROYDON.—A find of silver coins of Burgred, King of Mercia, has been made in a railway cutting near Croydon. There were in all about a hundred coins, and with them were fragments of a bag or cloth. There were also several little bars or ingots, and some broken ornamented pieces of silver. They were found at a depth of about eighteen inches below the surface, and most of them have been purchased, we are informed, by a silver-smith in Croydon. We are not aware of any other relics having been found with them.

MINERAL OIL IN CALIFORNIA.—Mineral oil has been met with about twelve miles from Oakland. It is said to exist there in large quantities.

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